WITH COLOURED PRESENTATION PLATE.

The BYSTANDER ANNUAL

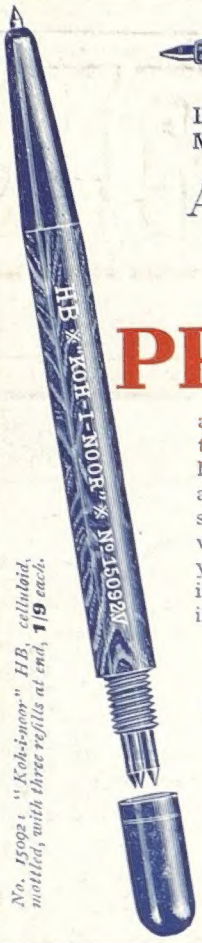
CHRISTMAS 1913

One Shilling

INDESTRUCTIBLE ENAMEL—Rolled Gold Ends. Fitted with Sharpener.
Made in White, Red, Rose, Blue, and Green . . . . . 7/6 each.

Ask your Stationer to show you

"KOH-I-NOOR" PROPELLING PENCILS



No. 1502 "Koh-i-noor" HB, celluloid, mottled, with three refills at end, **1/9** *each.*

and remember, when you see them, that they are just as good as they look. Each pencil is perfectly made, and is fitted with the lead which sets the quality standard for the world The variety is large, and you will have no difficulty in selecting charming designs to suit the individual taste of any of your friends.

There are pencils without refills, and pencils with refills Others are fitted with the apex sharpener. The colouring of some of the pencils is exquisite, particularly so in the case of the Indestructible Enamel pencil illustrated above.

No. 1506 "Apex" "Koh-i-noor" HB, [illegible] black, fitted with "Apex" sharpener, **[illegible]** *each.*

List free from
L. & C. HARDTMUTH, Ltd., Koh-i-noor House, Kingsway London, W.C.
Paris, Vienna, Milan, Zurich, Dresden, Barcelona, Brussels, New York.

No. 999 "Koh-i-noor" HB, plain silver ... ... **3/6** each.
,, 999 "Koh-i-noor" HB, chased silver (assorted patterns) **4/6** ,,

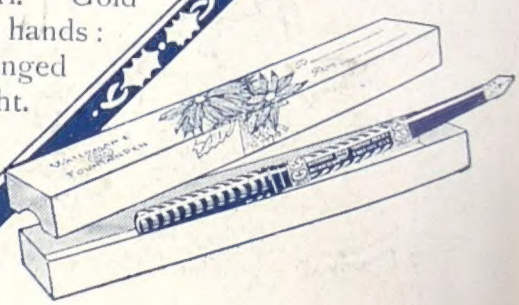
The Ideal Christmas Gift

"To Give away a Waterman's Ideal is to make a Friend for Life."
—S. R. Crockett.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

is the simplest and most efficient Fountain Pen made. It is a gift which will be warmly welcomed by any man or woman, boy or girl. Gold nibs to suit all hands: gladly exchanged if not right.

Of Stationers & Jewellers.



THE BYSTANDER, NOVEMBER 17, 1913
No. 519A.—VOL. XL.

POSTAGE RATES { INLAND PARCEL POST ... 3d.
CANADA (by Magazine Post) 1d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD ... 4d.

The BYSTANDER Xmas ANNUAL 1913

"Fairy Tales"

BY WILMOT LUNT

The Editorial Attitude

THE BYSTANDER ANNUAL, which you now have in your hands (unless it is in somebody else's and you are looking over his or her shoulder), does not apologise for making its first appearance in the month of November. It explained last year that, while it may be regarded by many as a Christmas Number, it does not so regard itself. It comes out within measurable distance of Christmas, it is true, but it might, we explained, just as easily have come out at any other time. We are published in November, but we have a proud belief that we shall hang on, and be bought both by those who like to have Christmas Numbers early and get them over and by those who like them late and "on the spot."

IN THE ABBEY

FAIR SUFF.: "Do you mind telling me, if you please, the correct time? I want to set my bomb"

By E. A. Morrow

Though we are prepared to be bought *as* a Christmas Number—by the thousands who will miss the point about our independence—we are no nearer than in previous years to an understanding of the Christmas Number mind. Whereas in an ordinary issue of our journal we know more or less the type of person who reads us (usually somebody combining personal charm with distinction of appearance and keen intelligence), we profess a complete ignorance of those who read us in our Christmas or Annual form otherwise than to know that there is a considerable number of thousands of them. This might include His Majesty the King, Miss Marie Lloyd, the Premier, Mrs. and the Misses Pankhurst, Mr. Redmond, Mme. Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerley Rumford, Mr. Balfour, the Lady Mayoress, Mr. George, Mr. Gordon Selfridge (advt.), Sir Edward Carson, Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Theodore Sloan, Sir Oliver Lodge, and Mr. R. Sievier.

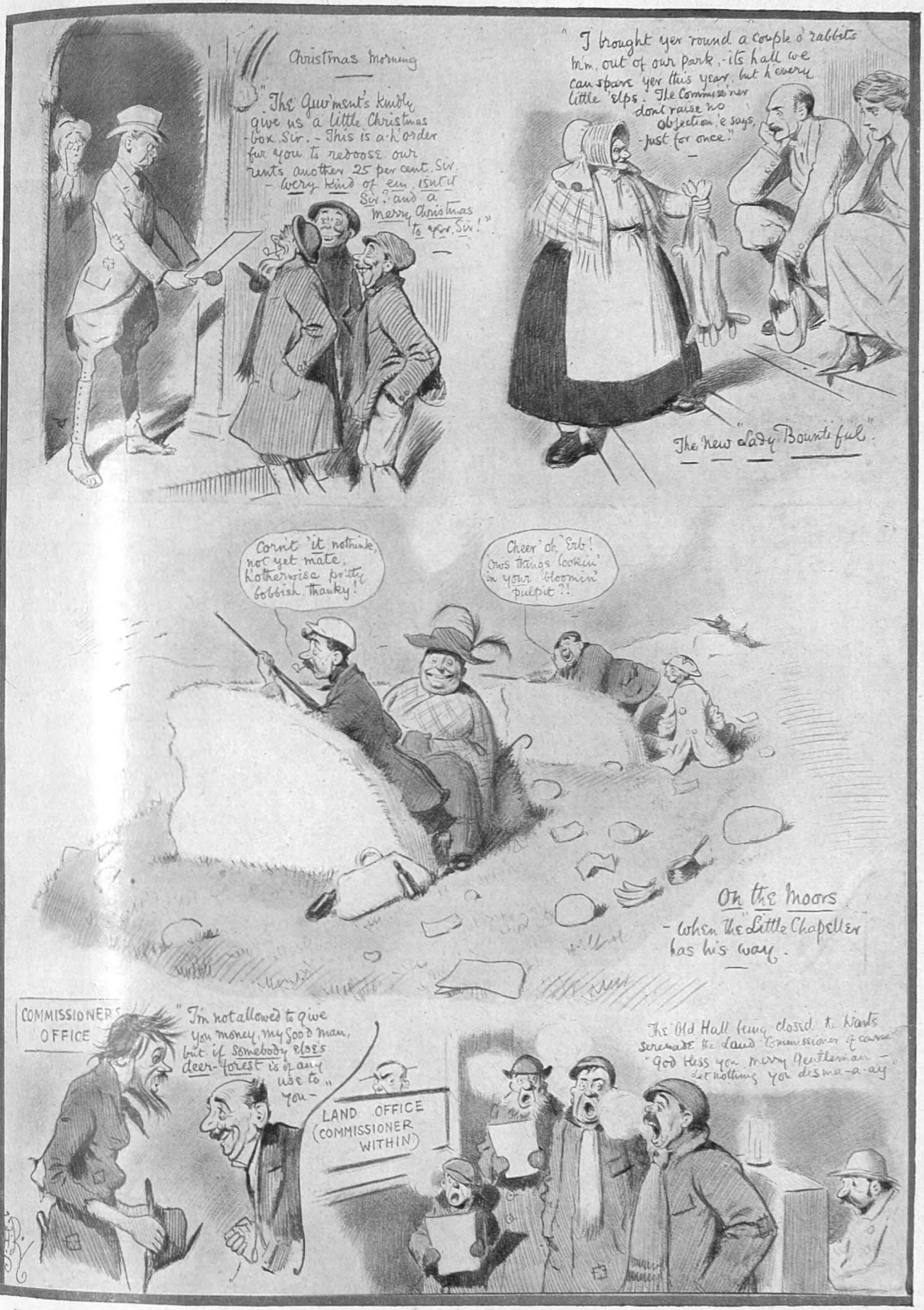
Any of these, and even more diverse personalities might, we say, be found in possession of a copy of such a production as this, which they will have seen on a bookstall or "had their attention drawn to" by a friend. If the former, they have bought the number. Why? Because they hope it will amuse them? I am afraid that is one of the reasons. But the real reason, I am convinced, why Christmas Numbers are bought is because they are published. The supply of this, as of all other articles, creates the demand. We, the Editorial Fraternity, goaded on by Them of the Publishing Fraternity, get out this kind of thing, at considerable trouble and expense, and You, the Public, ever kind-hearted, think it only decent to buy the thing because there it is.

You don't like to see it lying about, and so you pick it up as you would a hunk of uneaten bread ("so nice for the birds") or a piece of orange-peel ("so dangerous"), or a horseshoe ("so lucky"). Another organised body of persons who buy Christmas Numbers are the Puritanical-minded. They heard once that these numbers sometimes contain plates that are "not quite nice," and they think it better to take a peep into them so as to know well in advance what not to let fall into the hands of the Young Person.

There are these people. The person of whose existence the Publisher is convinced—and he knows—is he or she who says, suddenly, one morning in the middle of November, "Why Christmas will soon be here! Just think of it, Christmas! Roast Turkey, Plum Pudding, Yule Logs, Mistletoe, and all that sort of thing. Let's get a Christmas Number and read all about it six weeks ahead"—this type of Person I have yet to meet. I live in hopes that he is real. It would be awful to think that he is a premature Christmas ghost.

It may be urged that we do Christmas Numbers an injustice in suggesting that there is any other reason for their being bought than simply that they are worth buying. Far be it from me to deny this: I should even like to have emphasised the value they give by a little instructive detail. Our assistants were asked, several months ago, to get out a table showing the amount of paper and ink consumed in the production of such a work as this. That alone would have made you rub your eyes. I am sorry to say the statistics have been mislaid. However, there are always the more abstract values. Think of the brain tissue consumed in the origination of the artistic and literary ideas with which this issue is replete. Think of the condition into which the brains have had to be got to be capable of such evolutions, think of the lives their owners have had to lead, think of their friends, their sorrowing parents, their associates, and having thought of all that, unthink it as quickly as possible. For this is, after all, the festive season.

What a Happy Land England Will Be!!



The "festive" season as it will be when the countryside comes into the various benefits promised it by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his recent speeches on Land Reform

BY E. T. REED

1913—A Vacuum with a Moral

JUST at the very moment—it was nearly midnight—when, the family being in bed, I took up my pen to write a suitable "Review of the Year 1913" for THE BYSTANDER ANNUAL, there came in—without knocking—a man whose face was familiar to me yet unfamiliar.

"Well!" he began. "Glad to see you looking so well. Hardly much to choose between us, is there? Twelve months don't seem to have changed me much."

"Who the dickens might you be?" I asked.

"I *might* be you—if I were exactly a year older. As I'm not, I suppose I should describe myself as you as you were at Christmas, 1912."

I was not surprised, of course, at a phantom. They are all in the night's work of a conscientious Christmas Editor. But to be visited by oneself of a twelvemonth ago was novel. I asked me to take a whisky and soda.

"Well, and what can I do for you?" I asked, seeing myself comfortably settled, and wondering whether I had really any less hair on the top of my head and any more wrinkles under my eyes than my visitor.

"Suppose *you* were to be transplanted into the sitting-room of THE BYSTANDER at Christmas, 1914, what would you first ask yourself? Surely you'd expect him to give you a concise account of exactly what had happened to you—and, incidentally, to the world, during the interval between your ages. That's just what I've come to ask *you*. Fire away!"

"But——well, what is there to tell you? You've already remarked that I look well. I am—a bit healthier than you look, thanks to decent summer holiday weather. Can't recall any personal misfortune or loss worth speaking of. Nobody's done anything of memorable interest: no strokes of luck—nothing! As to the world—well, it's three hundred and sixty-five days older, that's about all I can say for it."

"All you can say for it? Man alive! You can't mean to say that you've nothing to tell a fellow who's travelled twelve months to see you, as to what's happened in the world in 365 solid days."

"Oh, I daresay, if you'd like to wait, I could *think* of something to tell you. Er—um—well, the newspaper files could be turned up."

"Ah, you've read the newspapers? Same ones, I suppose? Two in the morning, two in the evening, a Sunday paper, a weekly review, the pictorials, *Punch*, the monthlies, and so on, to say nothing of a couple of novels and a book of travel or biography a week?"

"You describe my reading as though from personal knowledge."

"Yes! And you've seen—say—thirty or forty theatrical productions; you've exchanged a dozen or two daily conversations with friends, relations, acquaintances, and strangers. Have visited the Riviera, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Germany, Scotland and Ireland—the usual season places?"

"Precisely the same. And all the usual shows and functions, as per THE BYSTANDER programme."

"You've done all these things—digested millions and millions of words, written and spoken, to convey to you hundred and hundreds of pieces of information concerning the doings of the world, of comment, criticism, satire, concerning the men and women living in it and in the imagination, yet despite all this tremendous absorption, you are unable, at a moment's notice, to tell me—yourself of a twelvemonth ago—anything that I want to know! Sirrah! your life has been useless. You might as well be dead."

"Oh, but wait a minute. If you'd only give me time to collect my memory I could tell you heaps of things you'd like to know."

"So could I you—if I stopped to think—things *I* read, and saw, and heard during the year 1912, but have also clean forgotten. But let neither of us trouble. Only let me warn you. Next year you will pay a sudden call on yourself as you will then be. Look to it that you do not meet yourself in the same hopelessly vacuous state of mind and memory.

"If the things you're going to read, see, and hear during the next twelvemonth are such that they will leave your mind no fuller and richer than it is now—they're not worth the waste of eyes and ears and intellect. One truth really impressed on the mind, that leaps to the lips and gives guidance to your actions, is worth more to you than all the verbiage of all the scribes, dramatists, wits, and gossips on which I wasted my time and you've wasted yours."

He left me . . . horribly bewildered, and looking forward to next Christmas with decidedly unpleasant feelings,—realising the awful truth that my "Review of the Year 1913" is a "Vacuum—with a Moral." V. C.

HARDLY SUFFICIENT

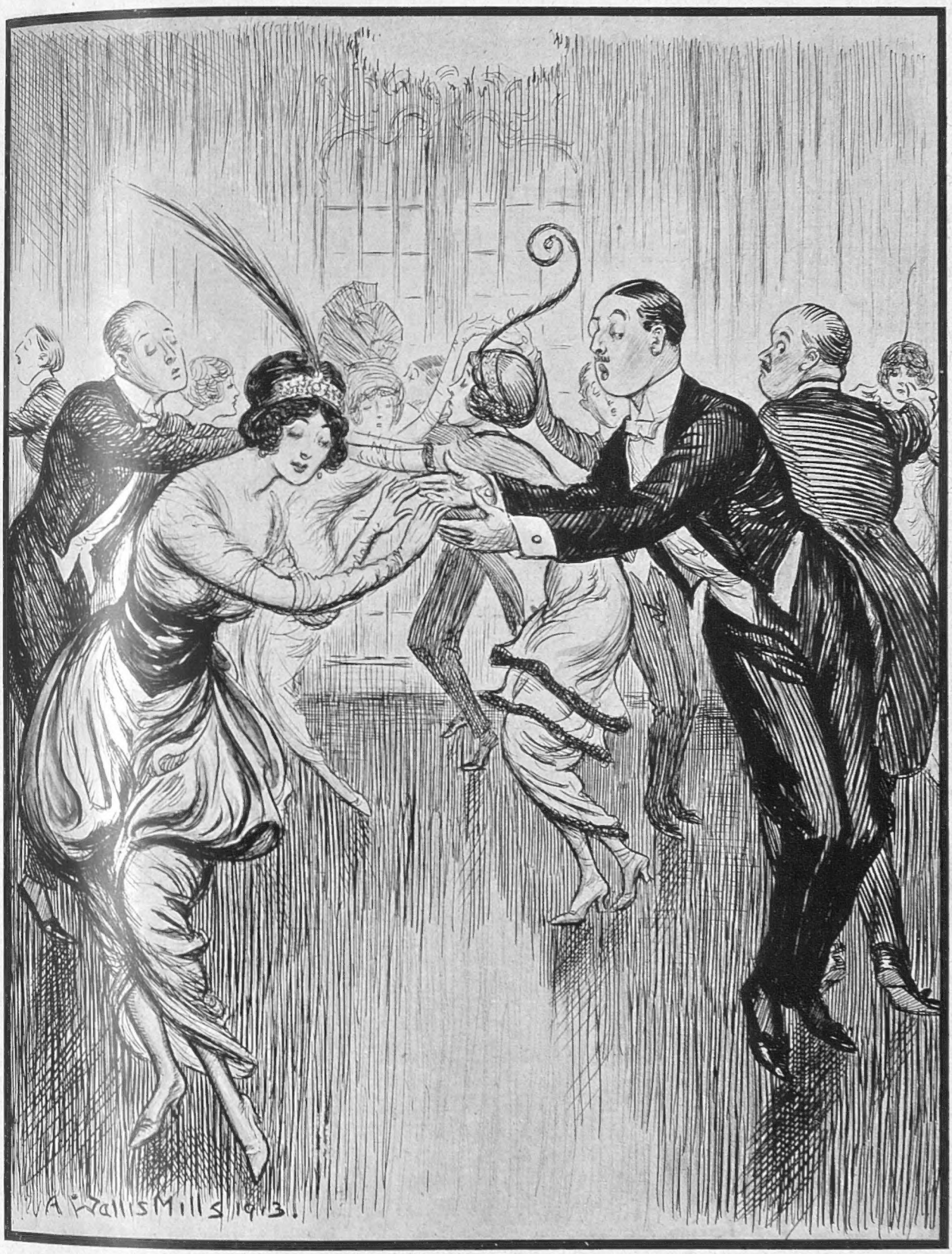
MRS. NURICH (confidingly): "I assure you I'm simply dying to get my daughter married"

LORD FAIRLEIGH HARDUPP: "Really! and—aw—what other inducements do you offer?"

By HUTTON MITCHELL

The Tango Untangled

AND MADE SUITABLE FOR USE IN BRITISH BALLROOMS



Swift-footed Rumour has it that the Tango, as it will be danced this winter in Society ballrooms, will be quite above reproach. Will it be anything like the above, we wonder?

BY A. WALLIS MILLS

LIVE PAPERS FOR THE DEAD

(BY OUR CORRESPONDENTS IN THE SHADES)

I.

EVE and Adam
Subscribe to "Madame,"
Which shows "what to wear"
at a glance.

To "Punch" old man Noah
Is true. He says: "Though Ah
Doan't think 'tis good as 'twas wance."

II.

"Never was," laughs Methuselah.
He reads "Daily News"
(selah !)
Because it bars tips from the stable.
But Potiphar's wife
Gets the "Sporting Life."
And anything else that she's able.

III.

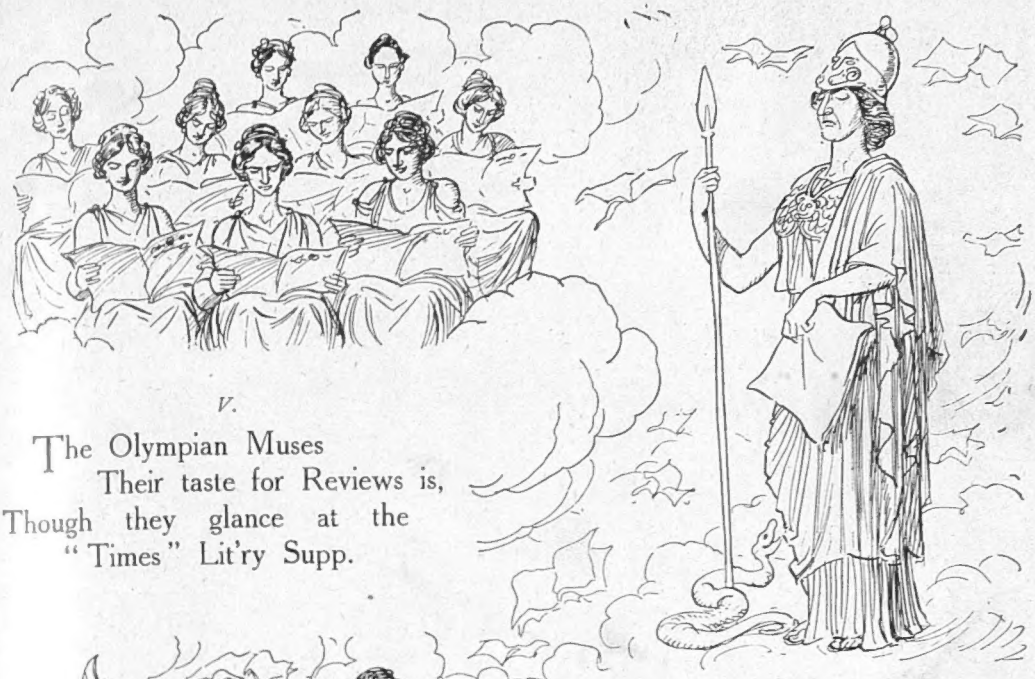
Gloomy old Job
Swears by the "Globe"
For it shows you the state things
have got to.
While the Tribes of Israel
Read the "London Mail,"
'Cos Moses has said they are
not to.

IV.

The tribesmen Teutonic 'll
Fight for the "Chronicle"
(They're Liberals, of course, being
Vandals),
While Heliogabalus
Pays something fabulous
For "John Bull's" unsavoury scandals.

(Copyright in this World, the Next, and the United States by Vivian Carter and George Morrow)

Live Papers for the Dead — *continued*



V.

The Olympian Muses
Their taste for Reviews is,
Though they glance at the
"Times" Lit'ry Supp.

The Goddess Minerva
Has taken the "Observer,"
But thinks she'll be giving
it up.

VI.

Hunnish King Attila
Takes in the "Tatler,"
He says that its pictures are toppin'.
But on Wednesdays Leander,
To get his "Bystander,"
The Hellespont swims without stoppin'

VII.

Bluff King Hal
Always buys the "Pall Mall,"
For 'tis fit to take home to the wifies.

Good Queen Bess
Reads the "Express."
She says, "It reflective of life is."

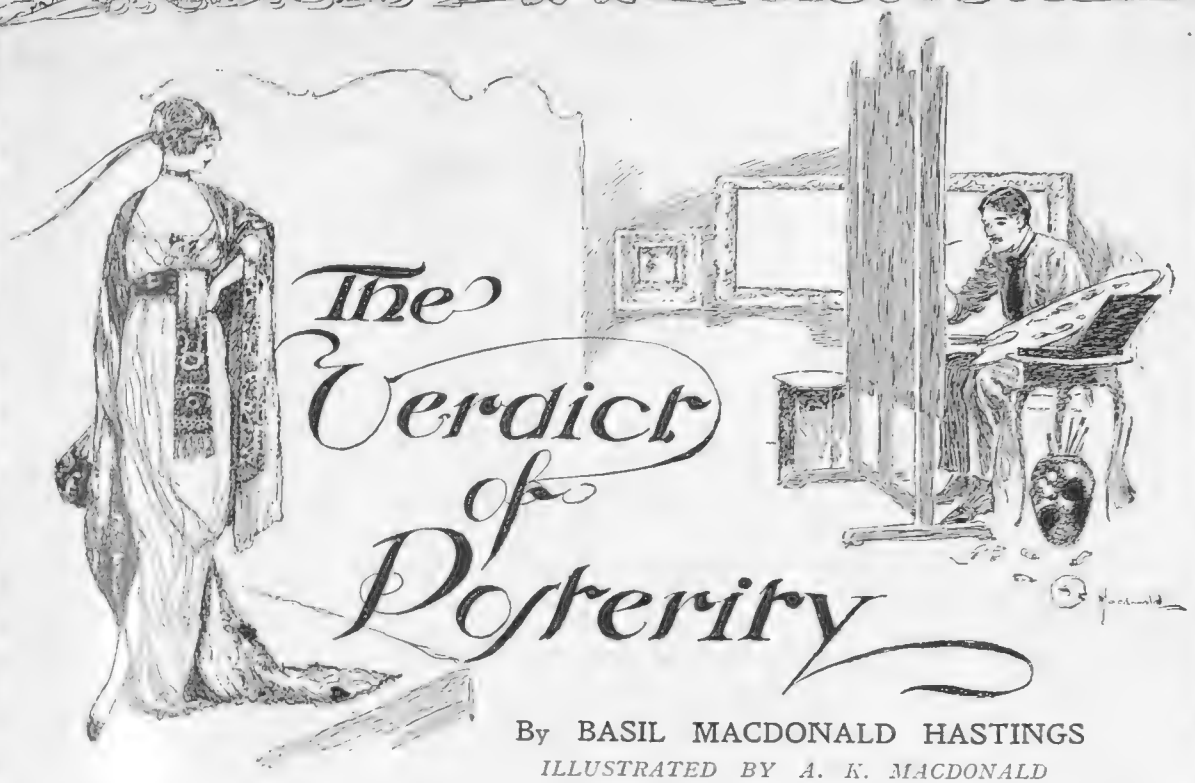
VIII.

Other papers are read,
Of course by the dead,
The "Mail," and the "Standard"
and "Times," too;
But I can't say by whom
For I've got no more room,
And they haven't got names to
make rhymes to.

"Tertium Quid"

THE CHOCOLATES FOR WHICH YOU PAID A SOVEREIGN

BY WILMOT LUNT



The Verdict of Posterity

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY A. K. MACDONALD

EVERYONE has met a man of the type of Hilary Chevenix. Inasmuch as his deceased grandfather invented something very piquant in the way of a beefsteak sauce, he had a very fine and large banking account and a really beautiful palazzo in Berkshire. Inasmuch as his forbears had lived almost entirely for money-making he mapped out a career which involved the happiest ways of money-spending, and, as a consequence, he was very popular.

The man had plenty of common sense. He knew just what games to play and what to avoid. A Jewish mother had supplied him with a certain fastidiousness, and he guessed what was true in art with a quite agreeable surety. He knew precisely what sports to follow. There are certain sports—they need not be defined—which somehow or other are ignored by the well-bred man. For him they might not exist. Hilary had the right instinct here, somewhat to the surprise of his aristocratic friends, who always kept one eye cocked on his ancestry. He led a healthy life, and now and then appeared on a platform. But, of course, you know precisely whom I am talking about.

Hilary was actually thirty-five before he fell in love. There had been an affair, with the usual sequel of a threat to commit suicide, but never before had he lost his heart.

The girl was very beautiful, a Miss Elizabeth Bayliss. She was penniless, an orphan, and was chaperoned through life by an aunt who was not very well off and rather tired of maintaining Elizabeth. Surely Hilary had only to raise his hand to pluck the fruit from the tree.

They met first at a summer dance, and Hilary promptly invited the aunt to an August house-party. He was not in love then, but he felt very strongly that he would like to enjoy the sight of Elizabeth walking the corridors and terraces of Chevenix Court. It was a beautiful place that deserved beautiful people. Quite unwittingly he abstained from inviting for this particular occasion any others of the eligible bachelors of society.

Elizabeth found a very intense delight in her visit. She had a shrewd notion of her own attractions, and felt instinctively that in this gracious house they were in place. A beautiful woman sometimes finds her beauty intolerable in a Bloomsbury boarding-house. She would have preferred a little less of Hilary's attentions, though she liked him well enough. She was content to wander over the fine lawns and green-paved paths, crouch by the pools where the trout leapt and pose like a princess over the brick-lined carp ponds. But Hilary wanted her to be his partner at lawn tennis, he would motor her out to golf, and if she wanted to loll he would be close by with his pleasant, if slightly monotonous chatter. The man, after three days of her stay, realised that he was desperately in love.

One night, when she ventured to say that she would rather not play bridge, he avowed that he, personally, detested the game, and offered to take her through the picture galleries.

"Some of the things look at their best by electric light," he volunteered. Elizabeth could not refuse, and a married couple who would have made up the four separated surlily, one to crochet and the other to yawn.

The picture-rooms at Chevenix were, as may be imagined, not portrait galleries. But some fine old masters had been bought by Hilary's father, together with some of the best pictures of modern European artists. It was an interesting rather than an imposing collection, the gem of which was undoubtedly a fine Rembrandt showing a group of peasant children.

Hilary switched on the lights, and proved himself a good guide. He knew something of each picture, and Elizabeth enjoyed what he had to tell. He soon saw the interest in her eyes and the colour in her cheek, and it came to him then almost with the force of a blow, so simple was the man's nature that here was a possibility of which he had never dreamed.

(All rights strictly reserved)

"Posed like a Princess over the brick-lined carp-ponds"

Elizabeth might learn to love him! He loved her, worshipped her! He would make her his wife, and they would be happy. But that she should love him! He had not dreamt of that.

They were standing now before a large picture that had earned very considerable attention in the Paris Salon of four or five years before. It was of a man and woman kissing. Behind the figures was a window with the blind drawn. The picture was called "The Drawn Blind." Why? Because the kiss was of that particular kind that is only exchanged in privacy.

Elizabeth looked at it in the way that seeks to hide the feelings. So the virgin handles the baby. Her eyes were sleepy and her mouth pursed a little. Yet there was that in the face that was a sigh.

Hilary burned at the beauty of his companion. She seemed so human now. He put out his left hand, and with the tips of his fingers only just touched her bare arm.

She turned cold. She did not draw away, but walked easily on to the next picture with no colour in her face.

"I'm sorry," he mumbled.

She walked on, and looked calmly at many more pictures. Then, as they left the gallery, she answered him.

"You should not have touched me then—like that—before that picture. But I forgive you."

The man wondered in his simplicity. When he was alone he squeezed the tips of the fingers of his left hand. They felt empty. A little while ago his soul had been in them.

On the following morning Hilary felt an irresistible desire to go and look at that picture again. Elizabeth was not to be seen. Probably someone had taken her golfing. Anyway, there was a very jolly chap to talk to up in the gallery these mornings.

Daniel Lyle, the man whom Hilary had in his mind, was an artist and a very struggling one. He made a poor living out of copying famous pictures, but his talent was great—even Hilary could see that—and but for the eternal necessity of pot-boiling he might easily have made a great name for himself. Just now he was engaged on copying the Rembrandt in Hilary's gallery for a paltry fee.

The man was staying at the village inn and spent every morning and part of the afternoon at Chevenix. Hilary had many a chat with him and quite enjoyed his society. Despite his hopeless prospects he was such a cheery chap and talked racily on any subject.

When Hilary entered the gallery, he was considerably surprised to find that Lyle was not alone. Elizabeth was with him.

She sat on a stool near, but not too near, his easel, and watched his work. The deep interest in her face was unmistakable. Now and then the painter exchanged a remark with her.

Hilary knew that she had not met him there before. Indeed last night had been the occasion of her first visit to the gallery. Yet the two now seemed on very sociable terms. Hilary was not very agreeably puzzled.

Lyle greeted him cheerily as he approached them and Elizabeth looked a little confused. The three talked lightly together.

As they talked, Hilary wondered what had brought Elizabeth to the gallery. She certainly had not known that anyone was at work there. It never occurred to him that Elizabeth might have been prompted by the same curiosity as himself, by the same determination to view by the cold light of day the erotic picture which had stirred them both so strangely on the preceding night. But Hilary was not an analyst of motives. A little

more subtlety of mind would have helped him greatly in his dealings with women.

The man Lyle seemed well able to work and chatter at the same time. It was evident that he did not approach his present task very seriously. The client he was working for would be content with very indifferent brush-work and poor Lyle's soul rebelled at the absurdity of attempting to get the Rembrandt colouring. It was all a joke, though a grim joke, to him.

"How long do you reckon you'll take over it?" asked Hilary.

It was a dreadful question and Lyle drew a corner of his moustache into his mouth to chew.

"I shan't be any longer than I can help. Where the devil—I beg your pardon, Miss Bayliss—did this man get his sunlight paint?"

"It is astonishing, isn't it? And all those neutral greens and reds, greys and yellows are put against each other in such a wonderful way."

"That's it. Put against each other. They ought to clash, but they don't." Hilary felt a little out of this conversation.

"You've caught his flesh tint, haven't you?" Lyle flushed.

"I think so. I think so. I swear I could paint faces."

"You could and you shall, old man," said Hilary. "How about beginning on Miss Bayliss?"

Elizabeth looked annoyed. Lyle looked at her and laughed appreciatively.

There was a short silence and then Elizabeth got up.

"Take me out and make me hit a ball about, Mr. Chevenix, will you? May I come up to-morrow and see how you're getting on?"

"Do, do, please do," answered Lyle. I'll show you how I'll make that figure stand out from the background."

Hilary took Elizabeth down to play lawn tennis and served an appalling number of double faults.

The days passed very pleasantly for Elizabeth. But the happiest hours were those spent with Daniel Lyle in the picture gallery. The man attracted her in a way that she dare not examine too closely and she enjoyed the artist's obvious pleasure in her beauty, all the more valuable because it was not expressed in words.

Hilary soon saw very plainly that he had little hope of making Elizabeth love him. But so little egotism had the man that he was not at all distressed. He knew all about his own capacity, his lack of talent and his very ordinary personal appearance. The brief aspiration that he had enjoyed in the picture gallery soon died out. Of course it was absurd that this gracious goddess should love him, Hilary Chevenix. But he would be her slave and lay all at her feet that she deserved.

He asked her to marry him on the morning of the day on which her visit ended. Elizabeth knew that he would propose and when he asked her to walk with him past the three pools into the park she readily assented. She could only give him one answer, but it would be churlish not to let him say what had lain on his lips so long. And she wished to refuse him as kindly as possible, to try and make him understand that she was not the woman for him.

"You know quite well why I have brought you here, Elizabeth," he said, when they stood together under the pines. "You don't love me. You never can love me. I don't ask you that. But because I love you as no other man does or can I ask you to marry me."

"Oh, you are wrong, you are wrong. Why should I not love you? I like you now, oh! so much. And I respect you. But——"

"I only ask you to accept my name. My love is as great as that. You will just be queen here, Elizabeth, queen. I only want to serve you."

"I understand you. But Hilary, my dear, dear friend, it is because—because I could not be a wife like that that I refuse you. I know what you are offering me from the worldly point of view. It is

"Thousand guineas down, other thousand on completion."

magnificent. Many women would sell their souls for it. But Hilary, I don't want to be queen. I want to be loved, ah! yes, but I want to love. Don't say any more. Don't tempt me, because I am sure that if I said 'yes' to you great misery would fall on us both."

"Do you love already?"

Elizabeth paled and looked her suitor straight in the face.

"Hilary, I don't know. I don't know. Take me indoors, do."

"I will ask you again—and again—and again."

They went into the house without anything further being said.

In the months that followed Hilary made many fruitless attempts to see Elizabeth and his days were very unhappy.

Then he wrote letters. They remained unanswered. He thought of going abroad and trying to forget. But his heart was too full to lighten for many years. At last she wrote to him.

"I am going to marry Daniel Lyle." That was all in the letter.

Then Hilary did go abroad. He was away for eighteen months, and on his return he put up at the Hyde Park Hotel. One night after dinner he went for a stroll in the park and met Elizabeth.

She looked much paler and there was no mistaking the signs of unhappiness written on her features.

Hilary took her hand and held it when she would have taken it from him.

"Don't be afraid, Elizabeth. I love you in just the same old way. Mrs. Lyle, isn't it?"

Elizabeth shook her head.

"We made up our minds," she said. "He tried to save. He—" Tears came to her eyes.

"Sit down, dear, and tell me."

It was a simple, pathetic story. Daniel had worked and worked. She must not come to share his awful poverty. He would drag the money out of the world. It never came. He was as badly off as ever. Marriage was as far off as ever.

Where had she been going?

Why, to see Dan, of course.

Where did he live?

At the old address.

"Elizabeth, you were going to see him at his lodgings. Forgive me, dear, but isn't that just a little——"

"I know what you must think. I don't care. Soon—soon you will be thinking right. Oh, I don't care. I'm alone. My aunt has turned me out. I was no good to her. He's alone. Why should we wait—wait—wait for the eternity that never begins? I've shocked you, Hilary. I'm sorry. You never, never understood me."

Hilary sent her home and walked quietly and in deep thought to Daniel Lyle's lodgings.

Lyle was staggered to see him and surly, though misunderstanding.

Hilary caught him working on pastels which would afterwards be sold at 2s. 6d. each by a local frame-maker.

"You must drop that work," said Hilary. "I've got a big job for you."

Lyle stared at him curiously.

"Remember the picture gallery at Chevenix? Father's portrait, damned bad, grandfather's portrait some degrees worse. Mine must be done. You can do it. Two thousand guineas. Get married and bring your paint-can to Chevenix first train after the ceremony. Thousand guineas down. Other thousand on completion. Ought to have been done long ago. Sorry to have dropped in without notice."

He was gone, leaving Lyle with dropped jaw and outstretched hands.

On the way back to the hotel Hilary walked a little unsteadily. Once he swayed against some railings. His hand closed round the spike at the top of one of them. He held it for a minute and it snapped off in his hand. Then he walked easily and steadily to his hotel.

* * * *

Three hundred years afterwards two directors of the National Portrait Gallery sat in their office examining some new bequests to the institution.

In one picture they were taking a very deep interest.

"What's its history?" the clerk was asked.

"Last owner didn't know, sir. No one can identify him. But it's a genuine Daniel Lyle."

"Yes. It's a Daniel Lyle right enough," said the director, bending to scrutinize the painted features of one who in life had been known as Hilary Chevenix.

"I thought Lyle only did celebrities," said his colleagues. "I dare say we shall find out who it is some day."

"Bit doubtful, sir," said the clerk. "In the meantime shall we hang him?"

"Hang him! Certainly. I've never seen a finer specimen of Lyle's work."

"And how shall we title him?"

"Oh, the usual. 'Portrait of a Gentleman, Portrait of a Gentleman."

B. Macdonald Hastings

Christmas Fiction

Buy no Christmas numbers, mother,
Things like those are not for me,
Full of ordinary pictures,
Men and women, land and sea.
"How we spent the day in Egypt,"
"Lady Houndsditch with her dog,"
"Scene upon a blinking lighthouse,
"Landing puddings in the fog."

Little girls in wreaths of holly,
Underneath "Dad's Christmas Dream,"
Maid with mistletoe entitled,
"Don't you kiss me or I'll scream."
I'm progressive and eugenic,
So you need not hesitate
Buying modern Christmas fiction
For your little girl of eight.

Give me Gaby with her stocking,
Throned on a bed of lace,
Wearing just a smile of pleasure,
Christmas joy upon her face.
Photos of the latest scandal,
What he struck her with and why,
Facts about some giddy countess,
Drinking, drugging on the sly.

Serve these up with pleasing murders,
Blue blood bounders, brides and blows,
Thrilling headlines, fancy portraits,
Actresses in scanty clothes.
Fathers beating helpless children,
'Tis of these I love to read,
Then this joyous Christmas season
Will mean happiness indeed.

Archibald Sullivan

The Light that Fell—

—AND THE SHADOW THAT TOLD THE TALE

On Night Duty

A PHOTOGRAPHIC NOCTURNE IN LONDON

BY JUDGES LTD.

"Lose the Woman"

THE STORY OF A FEMINIST PLOT IN NINE ACTS AND A FLICKER

ACT I.: *The Prince of Wales Theatre*
"THE REFUGEE" (*à la Galsworthy*)

THE WOMAN: It's no good, John, you never have, and never can, understand me.

THE HUSBAND: Don't talk like that, for Heaven's sake. Just think what my family would say.

THE WOMAN: It's always *your* family on these occasions, never *my* family. You may have changed my name, but you cannot change my temperament.

THE HUSBAND: I wish I could. It is your worst enemy. What you want is to get away from yourself.

THE WOMAN: That's really a new idea. When I resolved to be a Refugee I decided to get away from you. But now my plot shall be to get away from myself. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.: *The St. James's Theatre*
"THE EXTRAORDINARY MRS. PARADINE" (*à la Pinero*)

HE: Dearest Patricia, it is exceedingly painful to me to remark the recent withdrawal on your part of sentiments of affection from the daughter of my former wife.

THE WOMAN: I hate her, Alexander, for the fact that she doubtless unwittingly, has never omitted to evince the suspicion which she entertains concerning my past. Her continued presence here renders it impossible for me to get away from myself.

HE: I sincerely regret your attitude. If you persist therein no other course will be open to you, but to sever your jugular vein with a shaving razor in the last act.

THE WOMAN: As I am unwilling to terminate thus early my existence, I will seek another theatre. May I trouble you to ring the electric bell, and to direct your manservant to conduct me to my limousine automobile? [*Exit.*]

FAMOUS ACTOR-MANAGER (*in stalls*): She's wonderful. I must have her in my beautiful theatre.

ACT III.: *His Majesty's Theatre*
"DANIEL AND THE LIONS" (*à la Louis N. Parker*)

DANIEL (*Sir Herbert's last new juvenile*): Tempt me not, for, lo! Darius has made me to rule next to himself in the kingdom.

ZULEIKA (*wife of Darius*): Darius is out to-night, He leaves me so much alone. Come and sit by me, Daniel. See, my arms are round your neck.

DANIEL: How can I do this thing?

ZULEIKA: I knew it! You will not help me to get away from myself. You do not love me, I have seen you making love to Esther three times a day, once in each act, with the windows wide open. I shall tell Darius, and you will be thrown to the lions. (*She does so, and gets thrown to the lions herself in Act IV.*)

THE AUDIENCE: I say, this religious drama is very well, but it's nearly all Parker.

THE WOMAN: I know. I'm sick of playing exotic villainesses in Biblical potboilers. I'm going in for real melodrama. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.: *Drury Lane*
"THE TIP" (*à la Raleigh-Hamilton*)

CAPTAIN FORTESCUE GREVILLE: Curse these money-lenders! Whatever I do my past rises against me.

MRS. DE VANDELEUR (*The Woman*): You are too faint-hearted, Captain Fortescue Greville. (*Sneer.*) Look at me. I get away from my past by taking to crime.

CAPT. F. G.: Tell me what to do, Mrs. de Vandeleur.

MRS. DE V.: It is quite simple, Fortescue. All you have to do is to blow up a super-Dreadnought by means of F Rays. They are the latest sensation.

CAPT. F. G.: The very thing. Tell me more.

MRS. DE V.: Not here! Let me see—— We have met at The Tower, Christie's, and the Chamber of Horrors—I know! I will be at the Eustace Miles Restaurant at midnight.

[*As they are overheard by a comic bookmaker they do not get away—from the police.*]

— —

TWO YEARS (*The Sentence*) ELAPSE

ACT V.: *The Woman, having her reputation somewhat tarnished, seeks the Repertory Theatre*
"ANN" (*à la Masefield*)

THE WOMAN: O life be that bitter. I wish I could get away. (*Sniff.*)

OLD MAN: Us'll all be took away before long, Ann.

THE WOMAN: Yes, but it's meself as I want to be took away from. I ben't goin' to die.

OLD MAN: The tide be a'comin' for some on us, Ann. O, it be a gallows thing, the tide!

THE WOMAN: Don't keep talkin' about gallows, nor gaols, nor graves neither. You've done nothin' else for two whole acts.

OLD MAN: They call thee gallus bird, don't they?

THE WOMAN: Yes, they do, and it gets on my nerves. Take that! (*She stabs him with the cheese knife.*) O Heavens, I've killed the wrong man! . . . I can't stand this repertory business, with its studied gloom, any longer. One gets introspective. I'm going in for farce. [*Exit.*]

ACT VI.: *The Criterion Theatre*
"BANG THAT DOOR" (*from the French "Embarras de Femmes," by A. du Blentent*)

PAULINE (*the bride*): I'm just going to put on my nighty, Maurice. [*Exit door No.* 1.)

MAURICE (*the bridegroom*): All right, darling. (*A knock.*) Oh! I say! Who's that? (*He opens door No.* 2.) Hortense! What are you doing here?

THE WOMAN (*whose tarnished reputation is now useful*): This used to be my flat, *cheri*. I came here to forget myself.

MAURICE: That's quite easy in a French farce. (*Aside.*) Heavens! Here comes Pauline! (*Aloud.*)

Hortense, go in there. (*Pushes her through door No.* 3. *Bell rings.*) Who's this? (*Opens door No.* 4.) What, a telegram? (*Reads.*) "Arriving immediately.—ODETTE." *Vous dieux et petits poissons, que faire?*

PAULINE (*entering*): Maurice, I heard voices.

MAURICE: You'd be deaf if you didn't, *mon ange.* I love you, but I'm busy. This way, madam! (*Pushes her through door No.* 5. *Bell rings. He opens door No.* 6.) Another telegram? (*Reads.*) "Coming at once.—YVONNE VALÉRIE, NINI, NINETTE, and NINON." Oh! I say!!

THE WOMAN (*at door No.* 3 *in her robe de nuit*): Maurice, I am lonely.

MAURICE: Hortense, I love you; have patience.

THE WOMAN: I've no patience with you men who love me. I'm off to find a man who'll hate me. [*Exit through door No.* 7.)

ACT VII.: *The Kingsway Theatre*

"GETTING ENGAGED" (*à la B* * * * * * * *S* * * * *at his second best*)

THE WOMAN: The Life Force tells me that I shall get away from myself best by becoming a British matron and sacrificing myself to my husband.

THE MAN: When a woman starts to sacrifice herself she always drags some wretched man along to be the greasy victim with her.

THE WOMAN: Brute, cad, monster, viper.

THE MAN: Boa constrictor, vampire, abandoned woman, I will not marry you.

THE WOMAN: Oh, yes, you will. (*End of Scene I. Scene II. is a conversation between the Devil and Cæsar Borgia, which takes two and a half hours. The woman gets tired of waiting, and in order to recover her reputation goes in for musical comedy, where all the women have titles and are quite nice.*)

ACT VIII.: *The Lyric Theatre*

"LOVE AND LEHAR"

THE WOMAN (*who is now an ingénue and a princess, sentimentally*): I gaze into the mystic pool, but still I cannot get away from myself. I see no face but my own. (*A man's voice is heard off, singing in waltz time.*)

THE MAN: Come, come, princess and love me,
For I'm your hero still; (*repeat*)
I've loved you in taxis, at balls, and I told yer
Just the same thing in *The Chocolate Soldier*, etc., etc.

THE WOMAN: 'Tis he. If I gaze long enough I shall see *his* face in the water, and so get away from my own. (*Does so. They fall into each other's arms.*)

ACT IX.: *The Alhambra*

A Revue of all the adventures of the Woman, entitled

"KEEP MOVING"

1ST COMEDIAN (*as Mr. Churchill*): What's the plot of this Revue? If it's Old Age Pensions I think I've earned one after the number of these things I've been in.

2ND DITTO (*as Mr. Lloyd George*): No, look you, it's about the *Enchantress.*

3RD COMEDIENNE (*as Miss Corelli*): That's me, I suppose.

4TH DITTO (*as Mrs. Pankhurst*): If there's a plot it's generally something to do with *me.*

5TH COMEDIAN (*as Mr. George Graves*): Take that face away, my good woman, take it away. It's a nasty face, a nasty face.

6TH DITTO (*as Mr. Galsworthy*): The plot of this Revue is the Woman I gave you.

7TH DITTO (*as Mr. Hall Caine*): The woman *thou* gavest *me.*

8TH DITTO (*as Mr. Shaw*): Don't advertise! I don't. Where is she?

[*Enter as many of the authors of the Revue as the stage will hold*)

THE AUTHORS: The fact is, ladies and gentlemen, we had to bring in all of you, and also we wanted to have a staircase, so the plot went overboard. We've managed to "Lose the Woman."

6TH COMEDIAN (*as Mr. Galsworthy*): Lost my Woman?

THE AUDIENCE: I should *not* worry. She never existed; she was far too filmy.

ACT X.: *The Atalantern Electric Theatre*

"THE GIRL ON THE SCREEN"

Magnificent feature film, ten miles long, showing how the fallen idol got away from herself. Produced at frightful expense, and released by Federated Family Film Foyers, Ltd. HARFORD WORLOCK

The beautiful new football used. Brown in colour and unsoiled

The Newtown United presented the smartest appearance

Mr. William Oldfield, the blue-eyed blond giant, captain of the Newtown team

Mr. James Jaggs, captain of the Oldtown team, is a married man

Mrs. Jaggs, wife of the Oldtown captain, with her little daughter, Doris, who wears socks striped with her daddy's colours

FOOTBALL ILLUSTRATIONS FOR THE LADIES' PAPERS

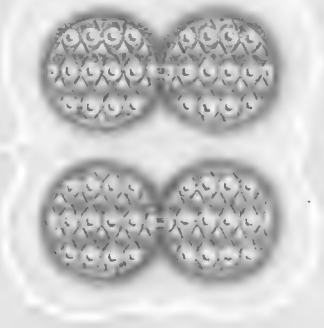
(Lady Helen Forbes recently described a football match for the "Daily Mail")

A Problem Page

PAST, PRESENT, AND——FUTURE?

BY JOHN H. SCHOLEFIELD

Seen in Old Bond Street



Técla

APART from great beauty and intrinsic value, Técla jewellery has the distinction of being individual; no design is duplicated—a fact which considerably enhances its value for gift purposes, and adds to the pleasure of ownership.

Técla pearls, sapphires, emeralds and rubies are mounted with real diamonds in settings of platinum and gold.

"The Woman Thou Gavest Me"

A DOMESTIC SATIRE

BY H. McCORMICK

The Cavil

Decorative panel illustrating the conflict between the critic and the dramatist waged perennially in the London theatres. Here we have the Critics "cavil-ry" charge against the battlemented Drama Castle, defended by the serried ranks of The Honourable Company of Playwrights. It will be noted that most of the critics ride their favourite "hobby-horses," including their gallant leader, Mr. A. B. Walkley, of "The Times." The characteristic "insouciance" of Mr. Bernard Shaw of the defenders contrasts strongly with the abject terror visible on the countenance of Mr. Hall Caine (who will

Cade

deserve all he gets!) Among the playwrights will also be recognised Sir James Barrie, G. R. Sims, John Galsworthy, Frederick Fenn, Arnold Bennett, Stanley Houghton, Cecil Raleigh, George Grossmith, Henry Arthur Jones, Sir Arthur Pinero, Granville Barker, Alfred Sutro, Gilbert Cannan, G. K. Chesterton, and John Masefield. And among the critics Messrs. J. T. Grein, Baughan, Archer, Boyle Lawrence, Randall Charlton, Palmer, "Jingle" (of the "Bystander"), Littlewood, Swaffer, Mostyn Piggott, Bulloch, Godfrey Turner, and Phillip Carr

BY NORMAN MORROW

Is Pantomime Played Out?

SEASONABLE COMMENTS BY OUR DRAMATIC CRITIC

THE forthcoming pantomime season promises to be interesting—especially to those confiding people who are concerned with the financial side of it. For it is common knowledge that the pantomime (as understood in this country) has now a keen rival in the Revue (also, as understood in this country). The Revue is a sensitive plant of foreign origin; but like many other kinds of eccentric vegetation, it was not long before it adapted itself to its environment. The English idea of a Revue is a very topical pantomime; and as this form of entertainment now runs through the year, in London, at least, the novelty of an old-fashioned pantomime that is sprung upon us at Christmas for positively a few weeks only, is not so staggering as it used to be.

The trifling difference between the two forms of amusement is, for the moment, that the pantomime is nominally designed to appeal to the children, while the Revue makes a bid for the favour of those whom the poet has called children of a larger growth. But this trifling difference is not to be insisted on too strenuously, because even the promoters of the old-fashioned pantomime were enterprising enough to see that the parents and guardians who sat out the performances for the sake of the dear little ones ought to be catered for in some way. Therefore, a necessary part of the average pantomime became the processional display of female youth and beauty, specially arranged to meet the eye of the tried man of the world for whom the antics of star comedians had no very absorbing interest. It is not everybody who can riotously enjoy the announcement that a red-nosed comedian has done his mother-in-law to death; but even the father of quite a large family has been known to sit up and take notice when the not overdressed young ladies of the ballet are going through evolutions designed to show their exquisite figures to the greatest advantage.

But this fascinating attraction for the middle-aged is now a stock feature of the Revue, which has the additional advantage of purveying a rather higher class of wit than that which the old-fashioned pantomime can supply. The grown man of eclectic tastes has, therefore, no further use for the pantomime; and his paternal self-denial for the dear children's sake is likely to be less noticeable in the future. The children, it is true, remain to be catered for; but they, too, are feeling the unsettling influences of the age. As the French say: there are no children now. The last few years have knocked the basement out of the fairy lore that once was childhood's dearest delight; and yet the majority of pantomimes continue to found their plots upon the old nursery tales, whose marvels are to the modern child the merest commonplace. It has been said that the age of miracles is past; but it would seem to be truer to say that it is only just beginning.

The child of the Victorian era marvelled that Sinbad the Sailor could have flown across the desert on the back of a giant bird. The modern child merely wonders why he did not use an aeroplane. Puck's boast that he would put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes used to excite an incredulous smile in the most imaginative; but, as a matter of fact, I believe the electric telegraph can now perform the same feat in something under ten seconds. And as for Ali Baba and his famous band, what are a mere Forty Thieves in these complex days of intricate and very high finance? The chief attraction of the pantomime story was that it dealt in marvellous feats of ridiculously impossible magnitude. But the ridiculously impossible has now become the extremely ordinary; and if our fairy tales are to attract the juveniles in the future they will have to be rewritten from the point of view of the marvellous taken by the rising generation. And even then the enterprise will be hazardous enough, considering the very fighting times in which we live and move and have our being. The old-fashioned pantomime, therefore, has nothing to teach us in the way of parlour magic or of beauty unadorned; and it looks as if it will be hard put to it in the near future to offer a reasonable excuse for its existence.

JINGLE

SELF-DECEPTION

MOTORIST (who has run over lady's dog): "I'm awfully sorry. Perhaps I could replace it, if——"
LADY: "You flatter yourself!"

By J. I. Burns

Submitting a Joke to the Editor

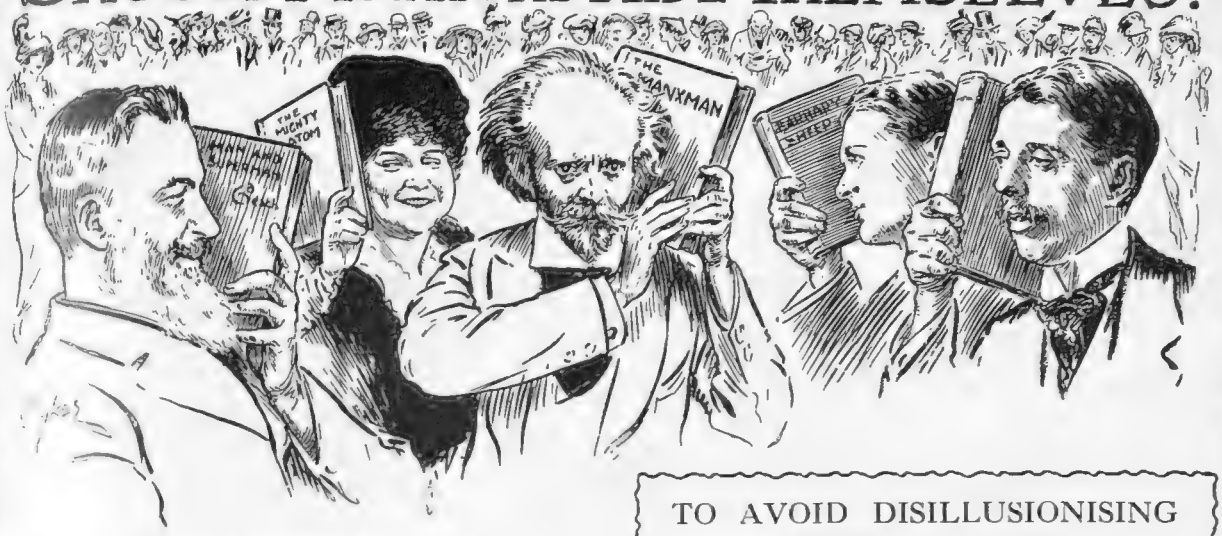
DRAWN FROM EXPERIENCE BY NORMAN MORROW

The Promise—Without Prejudice

YOUNG SCOTTISH EMIGRANT (to his sweetheart): "What are ye standin' there cryin' for, am I no comin' back fra: Canada tae marry ye?—I think mebbe."

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS.

SHOULD AUTHORS HIDE THEMSELVES?



TO AVOID DISILLUSIONISING THEIR READERS

"Such a Dreadful Man!"

"I THOUGHT he looked such a dreadful man, and he leered at me so horribly, that I feel I shall never be able to read another of his books: and I did love them so!"

Thus spoke a glad-eye flapper, an omnivorous reader of novels, whom I had the privilege of meeting recently, and the words made me ponder. For they recalled to my mind an observation I have often heard uttered by grown-ups when the question of writers and their work has come under discussion:

"I met Blank"—naming some well-known author—"the other day, and I thought him so disappointing, so unlike the kind of man I had pictured him to be from his delightful books."

"Brainy, But D——d Dull"

Consequently the question comes unbidden: Would it not be better for themselves; better for their kinsfolk and acquaintance; better for their hosts of admirers who have never met them; better for their publishers—in short, better for the general community if the majority of our distinguished authors, especially our novelists, were metaphorically to lie doggo, emerging into the flarelight of publicity only on rare occasions and then for the briefest possible periods?

"Very brainy chap no doubt, but damn dull," only last week I heard that verdict pronounced upon a famous man of letters after a dinner at which he had been present. His books are delicious things, brilliantly satirical, with a vein of humour running through every one of them, and yet——

So Unlike His Characters!

Well, in the society of ordinary folk, not all of whom were wholly uneducated, he appeared to the greatest disadvantage; he had nothing to say; he smiled hardly once between the soup and the dessert; he was awkward in his manner, and self-conscious. Let me do him justice—he didn't "leer," as the flapper's pet novelist had done, to her discomfiture.

One argument in favour of authors concealing themselves from the critical gaze of the inquisitive and the censorious is that almost always an author is, at any rate in appearance, the direct antithesis of the exquisitely groomed though possibly effete young neurotics who march so triumphantly through the pages of his novels—the beloved of all belovers. The reader-in-the-street is not, as a rule, endowed with an abnormal imagination, though he may possess his share of general intelligence. Consequently whenever he thinks of the author of the story he is engrossed in, he conjures up into the vision of his imagination a Beautiful Person gifted with all those admirable mental and physical attributes that a kind creator has lavished upon the creature born of his fancy—a figure tall and slim, with regular features; a skin sun-tanned at every season of the year; large, beautiful and intensely expressive eyes which look fearlessly out into the world; hair thick and shining and parted to perfection; warm, seductive lips; a strangely captivating smile; nut-white, even teeth; and a moustache or not, according to the fashion of the period.

The Average Author as He Is

Then one day the author he has thus pictured is pointed out to him, and what does he see? Not a well-dressed man with the speculative blue eye of the Saxon, or the passionate high nose of the Norman, or the high cheekbone indicating Caledonian descent, but a fat little fellow whose clothes look as if they had been bought in the Tottenham Court Road, with pasty cheeks, a few hairs on the top of his head, pulled about any how, pince-nez pushed crookedly down on to his nose, and the smile of a seaside tripper; or an ascetic, gaunt gentleman with rather an impressive manner, an unbecoming stoop, gold-rimmed spectacles, and a tiresome trick of talking always about himself; or, maybe, an unpleasant bounder—like my flapper's friend—with any amount of impertinence and "nerve," whose chief joy in life is to ogle every pretty girl who crosses his path, whether she likes it or whether she doesn't. I feel that in saying all this I am not making myself popular, so in self-defence let me hasten to add that I am talking of the rank and file of novelists; that there are notable exceptions—Mr. Hall Caine, for example—must be patent to all who move in literary circles.

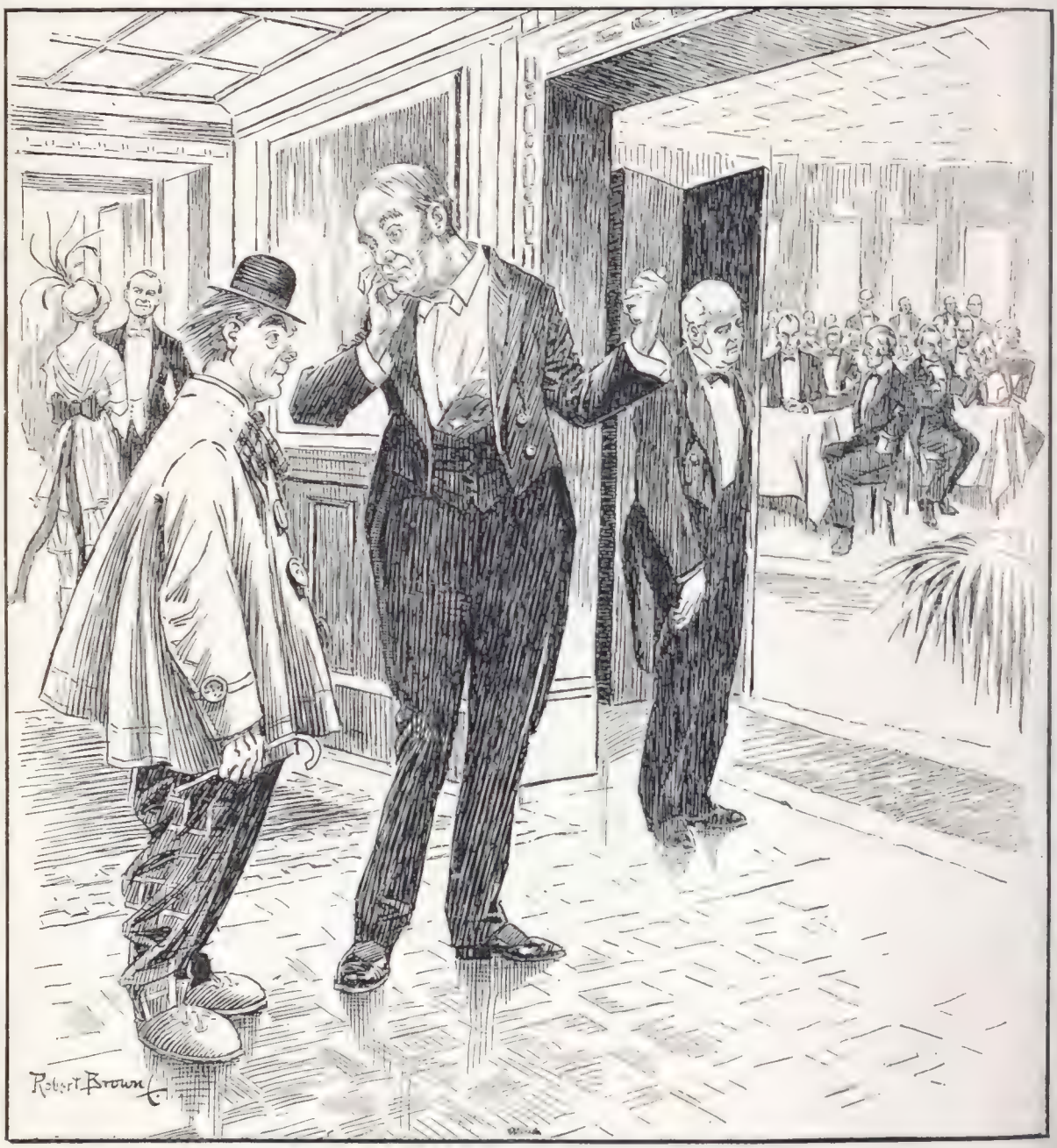
The Female of the Species

Naturally the question will be asked: Granting that what Huxley calls "the male of the species" would be well advised to keep themselves to themselves, what about the female of the species?

My friend Imre Kiralfy—a fine old English gentleman, if there ever was one—once assured me that he would not, under any circumstances, employ girl clerks. I asked him why, and he answered in his merry way: "Undoubtedly they are fine workers, most of them, but when they mix with men clerks they are apt to distract the men's attention; if they could be hidden away there would be no trouble."

What views does that great pioneer in the exhibition world hold upon the concealment or non-concealment of women novelists? What is the opinion of most men whose opinions carry weight? This I can say, that our authoresses are, by comparison with our authors, if we consider each group collectively, more entertaining, much "better company" as it is called—I talk of what I know, being compelled to mix largely with fiction writers of both sexes.

Why are they better company? I think because their interests in life lie upon a higher plane than the interests of the majority of their male colleagues. A woman writer will, in her moments of leisure, talk intelligently on politics, literature, art, music, current events that matter, travel and foreign countries, and other concerns of that kind. The bulk of the authors I have met limit their conversation to their scores at golf, to questions to do with motoring, card games, the sales of their latest works, sport to some extent if they are interested in sport, vintages of wine, brands of cigars, and occasionally women. BASIL TOZER.



A DIFFICULT UNDERTAKING

Scene: Artistes' Room during Concert following Annual Dinner of Society of Undertakers

MUSICAL DIRECTOR (warningly, to patter comedian who is just about to "go on"): "Now mind yer—whatever yer do when yer get in there,—NO SHOP, see!"

BY ROBERT BROWN

The Latest Favourite

FROM THE PAINTING "IN PET" IN THE ROYAL INSTITUTE BY PRISCOTT-DAVIES

"Crystal Gazing"

A DANGEROUS CHRISTMAS DIVERSION INVENTED BY CUPID

"The Mystery of Mary Gray"

BY G. H. TILLARD
Illustrated by McCORMICK

I've always found attraction strange in every tale of mystery,
And hence it comes that I relate this very painful history.
No one can tell us whence she came, her past seems past recovery,
Though many claim from time to time some wonderful discovery.
A rumour spread, which gained belief, she'd just fled from her creditors,
When, like a bomb, she burst upon our unprotected Editors.
Provincial she did not appear, she'd every cultured city grace,
And nobody but must allow she'd got a very pretty face.
She gave her name as Mary Gray—the name seemed sweet and suitable.
The Editors have changed their minds, they now pronounce her shootable.
What charm she used I cannot say, her spell was simply magical.
So innocent she seemed, and yet the event was truly tragical.
Day after day the Editors found Mary Gray adorable,
But when she went the stuff she left was really too deplorable.

"Her spell was simply magical"

"Piles on piles of stuff"

It was, indeed, right strange to see these Editors despotical
Accept such piles on piles of stuff just purely idiotical.
They tore their hair, with many a swear, but yet when next she came again
Once more they fell beneath her spell, and all was just the same again.
It hardly seemed a case they could report to the constab'lary,
Rather it looked like hypnotism, or such like strange diablerie.
Twelve days she flashed across the sky, a meteor uncontrollable,
Then vanished, leaving in her wake a crowd quite inconsolable,
Who stared aghast at MSS. they'd found so unrefusable,
For every single blessed one was utterly unusable.

One of the Editors I knew. He once had been a pal of mine,
My greatest crony, till I caught him flirting with a gal of mine.
I went to see him, made it up, and talked with great urbanity,
For I could see the poor old chap was verging on insanity.
A drawer he showed, 'twas nearly full of rotten little triolets,
"When she recited them," he sighed, "they seemed to breathe of violets."

"Between two sandwich boards"

"I've paid for every one," he groaned, "was ever such rapacity?
"I'm ruined, bound to get the sack for utter incapacity."
I did my best to smooth him down, and just had got him quieter,
When without knock, to our dismay, stalked in the grim proprietor.
The interview was short and sharp, of words the two had not a lack,
But when the big man left the room, my hapless friend had got the sack.
Alas! poor chap, his fall was quick, He took to inebriety.
Six months, and he was in the depths an outcast from society.
I met him once, 'twas in the streets, I rode a motor-bicycle,
The sight I saw quite froze my blood, my heart became an icicle.
A virago was pouring forth a torrent from her "lang-widge" hoards
At my poor friend, who reeled along, alas! between two sandwich-boards.

And what became of Mary Gray? The tales one hear are various—
Of every one I've sifted the foundation seems precarious.
She is a country parson's wife—a young reporter wag had seen.
She writes the Vicar's sermons, and runs the Parish Magazine.
Someone had seen her in the Park upon a platform Militant,
Pouring from thence in endless gush the usual rabid silly cant.

"Upon a platform Militant"

Others deny with heat that she has ever joined the aggressionists;
She is, they say, a shining light among the Post-Impressionists.
Alike indeed their methods seem. We see the critics dutiful
Gaze at a picture quite, quite mad, and swear that it is beautiful.
Are there more tales? Of course there are, their number inconceivable,
I've only mentioned two or three that seem least unbelievable.
I've tried in vain t' untwist the knot—the tangle is untwistable.
It's just as hard to trace that girl as find the elusive Christabel.
So there seems nothing more to tell that can be reckoned history,
And what's become of Mary Gray is still an unsolved mystery.

G. H. TILLARD

More Phrases Illustrated—No. 1

"BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER"

(See page 47 for No. 2)

BY LAWSON WOOD

The Scapegoat—As Usual

THE CAUSE, LIKE CHARITY, CAN BE MADE TO COVER A MULTITUDE OF SINS

BY THOMAS MAYBANK

AWAITING

A SMILE

BY BALFOUR KER

The Ring—

—OR TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

BY BALFOUR KER

The Elk

A CHRISTMASTIDE TRAGEDY

by Saki.

TERESA, Mrs. Thropplestance, was the richest and most intractable old woman in the County of Woldshire. In her dealings with the world in general her manner suggested a blend between a Mistress of the Robes and a Master of Foxhounds, with the vocabulary of both. In her domestic circle she comforted herself in the arbitrary style that one attributes, probably without the least justification, to an American political Boss in the bosom of his caucus. The late Theodore Thropplestance had left her, some thirty-five years ago, in absolute possession of a considerable fortune, a large landed property, and a gallery full of valuable pictures. In those intervening years she had outlived her son and quarrelled with her elder grandson, who had married without her consent or approval. Bertie Thropplestance, her younger grandson, was the heir-designate to her property, and as such he was a centre of interest and concern to some half-hundred ambitious mothers with daughters of marriageable age. Bertie was an amiable, easy-going young man, who was quite ready to marry anyone who was favourably recommended to his notice, but he was not going to waste his time in falling in love with anyone who would come under his grandmother's veto. The favourable recommendation would have to come from Mrs. Thropplestance.

Teresa's house-parties were always rounded-off with a plentiful garnishing of presentable young women and alert attendant mothers, but the old lady was emphatically discouraging whenever any one of her girl guests became at all likely to outbid the others as a possible granddaughter-in-law. It was the inheritance of her fortune and estate that was in question, and she was evidently disposed to exercise and enjoy her powers of selection and rejection to the utmost. Bertie's preferences did not greatly matter; he was of the sort who can be stolidly happy with any kind of wife—he had cheerfully put up with his grandmother all his life, so he was not likely to fret and fume over anything that might befall him in the way of a helpmate.

The party that gathered under Teresa's roof in Christmas week of the year nineteen hundred-and-something was of smaller proportions than usual, and Mrs. Yonelet, who formed one of the party, was inclined to deduce hopeful augury from this circumstance. Dora Yonelet and Bertie were so obviously made for one another, she confided to the vicar's wife, and if the old lady were accustomed to seeing them about a lot together she might adopt the view that they would make a suitable married couple.

"People soon get used to an idea if it is dangled constantly before their eyes," said Mrs. Yonelet, hopefully, "and the more often Teresa sees those young people together, happy in each other's company, the more she will get to take a kindly interest in Dora as a possible and desirable wife for Bertie."

"My dear," said the vicar's wife resignedly, "my own Sybil was thrown together with Bertie under the most romantic circumstances—I'll tell you about it some day—but it made no impression whatever on Teresa; she put her foot down in the most uncompromising fashion, and Sybil married an Indian civilian."

"Quite right of her," said Mrs. Yonelet with vague approval; "it's what any girl of spirit would have done. Still, that was a year or two ago, I believe; Bertie is older now, and so is Teresa. Naturally she must be anxious to see him settled."

The vicar's wife reflected that Teresa seemed to be the one person who showed no immediate anxiety to supply Bertie with a wife, but she kept the thought to herself.

Mrs. Yonelet was a woman of resourceful energy and generalship; she involved the other members of the house-party, the deadweight, so to speak, in all manner of exercises and occupations that segregated them from Bertie and Dora, who were left to their own devisings—that is to say, to Dora's devisings and Bertie's accommodating acquiescence. Dora helped in the Christmas decorations of the parish church, and Bertie helped her to help. Together they fed the swans, till the birds went on a dyspepsia-strike, together they played billiards, together they photographed the village almshouses, and, at a respectful distance, the tame elk that browsed in solitary aloofness in the park. It was "tame" in the sense that it had long ago discarded the least vestige of fear of the human race; nothing in its record encouraged its human neighbours to feel a reciprocal confidence.

Whatever sport or exercise or

(All rights strictly reserved)

occupation Bertie and Dora indulged in together was unfailingly chronicled and advertised by Mrs. Yonelet for the due enlightenment of Bertie's grandmother.

"Those two inseparables have just come in from a bicycle ride," she would announce; "quite a picture they make, so fresh and glowing after their spin."

"A picture needing words," would be Teresa's private comment, and as far as Bertie was concerned she was determined that the words should remain unspoken.

On the afternoon after Christmas Day Mrs. Yonelet dashed into the drawing-room, where her hostess was sitting amid a circle of guests and teacups and muffin-dishes. Fate had placed what seemed like a trump-card in the hands of the patiently manœuvring mother. With eyes blazing with excitement and a voice heavily escorted with exclamation marks she made a dramatic announcement.

"Bertie has saved Dora from the elk!"

In swift excited sentences, broken with maternal emotion, she gave supplementary information as to how the treacherous animal had ambushed Dora as she was hunting for a strayed golf ball, and how Bertie had dashed to her rescue with a stable fork and driven the beast off in the nick of time.

"It was touch and go! She threw her niblick at it, but that didn't stop it. In another moment she would have been crushed beneath its hoofs," panted Mrs. Yonelet.

"The animal is not safe," said Teresa, handing her agitated guest a cup of tea. "I forget if you take sugar. I suppose the solitary life it leads has soured its temper. There are muffins in the grate. It's not my fault; I've tried to get it a mate for ever so long. You don't know of anyone with a lady elk for sale or exchange, do you?" she asked the company generally.

But Mrs. Yonelet was in no humour to listen to talk of elk marriages. The mating of two human beings was the subject uppermost in her mind, and the opportunity for advancing her pet project was too valuable to be neglected.

"Teresa," she exclaimed impressively, "after those two young people have been thrown together so dramatically, nothing can be quite the same again between them. Bertie has done more than save Dora's life; he has earned her affection. One cannot help feeling that Fate has consecrated them for one another."

"Exactly what the vicar's wife said when Bertie saved Sybil from the elk a year or two ago," observed Teresa placidly; "I pointed out to her that he had rescued Mirabel Hicks from the same predicament a few months previously, and that priority really belonged to the gardener's boy, who had been rescued in the January of that year. There is a good deal of sameness in country life you know."

"It seems to be a very dangerous animal," said one of the guests.

"That's what the mother of the gardener's boy said," remarked Teresa; "she wanted me to have it destroyed, but I pointed out to her that she had eleven children and I had only one elk. I also gave her a black silk skirt; she said that though there hadn't been a funeral in her family she felt as if there had been. Anyhow, we parted friends. I can't offer you a silk skirt, Emily, but you may have another cup of tea. As I have already remarked, there are muffins in the grate."

Teresa closed the discussion, having deftly conveyed the impression that she considered the mother of the gardener's boy had shown a far more reasonable spirit than the parents of other elk-assaulted victims.

"Teresa is devoid of feeling," said Mrs. Yonelet afterwards to the vicar's wife; "to sit there, talking of muffins, with an appalling tragedy only narrowly averted——"

"Of course, you know whom she really intends Bertie to marry?" asked the vicar's wife; "I've noticed it for some time. The Bickelbys' German governess."

"A German governess! What an ideal!" gasped Mrs. Yonelet.

"She's of quite good family, I believe," said the vicar's wife, "and not at all the mouse-in-the-background sort of person that governesses are usually supposed to be. In fact, next to Teresa, she's about the most assertive and combative personality in the neighbourhood. She's pointed out to my husband all sorts of errors in his sermons, and she gave Sir Laurence a public lecture on how he ought to handle the hounds. You know how sensitive Sir Laurence is about any criticism of his Mastership, and to have a governess laying down the law to him nearly drove him into a fit. She's behaved like that to everyone, except, of course, Teresa, and everyone has been defensively rude to her in return. The Bickelbys are simply too afraid of her to get rid of her. Now isn't that exactly the sort of woman whom Teresa would take a delight in installing as her successor? Imagine the discomfort and awkwardness in the county if we suddenly found that she was to be the future hostess at the Hall. Teresa's only regret will be that she won't be alive to see it."

"But," objected Mrs. Yonelet, "surely Bertie hasn't shown the least sign of being attracted in that quarter?"

"Oh, she's quite nice-looking in a way, and dresses well, and plays a good game of tennis. She often comes across the park with messages from the Bickelby mansion, and one of these days Bertie will rescue her from the elk, which has become almost a habit with him, and Teresa will say that Fate has consecrated them to one another. Bertie might not be disposed to pay much attention to the consecrations of Fate, but he would not dream of opposing his grandmother."

The vicar's wife spoke with the quiet authority of one who has intuitive knowledge, and in her heart of hearts Mrs. Yonelet believed her.

Six months later the elk had to be destroyed. In a fit of exceptional moroseness it had killed the Bickelbys' German governess. It was an irony of its fate that it should achieve popularity in the last moments of its career; at any rate, it established the record of being the only living thing that had permanently thwarted Teresa Thropplestance's plans.

Dora Yonelet broke off her engagement with an Indian civilian, and married Bertie three months after his grandmother's death—Teresa did not long survive the German governess fiasco. At Christmas time every year young Mrs. Thropplestance hangs an extra large festoon of evergreens on the elk horns that decorate the hall.

"It was a fearsome beast," she observes to Bertie, "but I always feel that it was instrumental in bringing us together."

Which, of course, was true.

SAKI

"She"

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY MR. BERTRAM PARK, F.R.P.S.
(Exhibited in the London Salon of Photography)

"Boys, M

THE INTRODUCTION THAT

ny Wife!"

AT WAS NOT THE FIRST

BY BERT THOMAS

To Market on a Frosty Morn

BY WARD THOMPSON, F.R.P.S.

What's a mile in the snow,
Though old limbs are weak,
And the chill breezes blow,
What's a mile in the snow
With the market to seek?
Soon it's back in a glow
To the good peat's reek;
What's a mile in the snow?—A. B. H.

The Real Ghost

"Sat up all night with the dead"

By HORACE HORSNELL *Illustrated by CHARLES R. SYKES*

THE last speaker, a florid young man in tweeds, wearing *pince-nez* and having a slight stutter, had just completed his rambling, unimportant statement of an apparition that had appeared to his late uncle. You know how these talks about ghosts fizzle out; how everybody becomes possessed of an uncontrollable desire to tell *his* story, and how the ball of excitement, started so briskly by some rather telling anecdote, becomes slower and less interesting as it progresses, until it stops altogether amid the yawns of the whole company.

The atmosphere, at first so affecting, which had been created by the cosiness of the inn parlour, the grateful after-dinner feeling of comfort and well-being, the darkness of the night outside and the chance remark of the first speaker, had already weakened. Each man, having told his own story, felt his enthusiasm overcome by sleepiness, and one or two had yawned quite openly during the young man's laborious history.

A stranger, who had not dined at the inn and who had been sitting at the table writing letters during most of the talk, suddenly drew his chair into the circle by the fire and picked up the discussion at the point where the young man reluctantly had left it.

He was an ordinary looking man, with sandy hair, gold-rimmed spectacles and a quiet but penetrating voice.

"I must admit," he began, speaking for the first time, "that when all is said and done, no ghost story that I ever heard could touch half the stories you find every morning in the paper. As a rule, they're so pointless. Just stupid appearances of things in sheets, or bells that ring, or furniture that moves about at night. It's all been done so often. And we never get any further. I can't help feeling that the real ghost is a much more plausible person. If you ask me, I should say that quite half the queer experiences people get are due to ghosts. Only they don't realise it. There are so many ways of running up against them, if you come to think of it; and so many different kinds of ghosts to, for that matter. Every man has some sort of experience of them at one time or another, if he only knew."

He stopped and looked at the company with a slightly questioning air, but since either sleepiness or the desire to hear him further kept the other men silent, he went on.

"I knew a man once," he said, "who had ghosts on the brain. He was a parson. I knew him well. He had a comfy little living down in Sussex, on the downs near the sea. Ideal place for a chap who liked the country and was keen on his job. But he was much more interested in spiritualism and that sort of thing. He got mixed up at one time with a set, but he chucked them because a chap they got hold of went mad at one of their *séances*. But he didn't give up the business as anybody else might have done. He went in for it on his own down in the country—which was much worse. He got sort of isolated. Of course, his life was naturally rather a lonely one. He was a clever chap, and the mothers' meetings and harvest festivals and what not didn't really interest him. And he hadn't any real friends because all the possible people in the neighbourhood either hunted—a thing he loathed—or else had nothing in common with him.

"Of course, you can imagine it was just the worst possible sort of life for him. But he wouldn't chuck it and make a change, though he had the chance more than once. It suited his book only too well."

The speaker paused, and in the interval the young man with the stutter asked rather irrelevantly:

"Is he alive now?"

"Just wait a bit," said the stranger. "I'm coming to that. He was a bachelor, but he made himself very comfortable in the old vicarage with his books, and for a while no one complained that he neglected his job. Some people thought it a bit queer at first that he never had any friends to stay with him. But he lived all that down very soon. He was just a nine days' wonder, so to speak, in the village where nothing ever happened.

"Of course, he wasn't a bit extraordinary to meet. If you or I had met him on his rounds we'd have put him down as the ordinary type of country parson likely enough, and never bothered our heads about him. But we should have been vastly

(All rights strictly reserved)

mistaken. He wasn't by any means an ordinary man. That affair at the *séance* had given him a bit of a shock. And for a while he did chuck the spiritualist business. But not for long. He began to collect books—all kinds of old and out-of-the-way books on the subject, and he contributed, under an assumed name, to the one or two magazines which cater for spiritualists."

"Just a sec," said a rosy-faced commercial traveller, who had been roused from threatening sleep by the narrative. "Let's make the fire up a bit."

He noisily threw on some coal while the rest of the company watched him with sympathetic impatience.

"Now then," he said.

"Well," the storyteller resumed, "things went on until bit by bit the parish business began to suffer. He'd forget to turn up at the mothers' meetings and be late for funerals; you know the sort of thing. But at the same time he began to take an extraordinary interest in the sick. I heard that he turned up late one night at a farm a good way away on the downs. The old farmer was very ill, but no one had sent for the parson. Somehow he seemed to know. And that night the old farmer died. My friend surprised the family very much by insisting on sitting up all night alone with the body, and one of the daughters declared that he talked most of the time just as though he'd got somebody in the room to talk to, though she couldn't hear what it was he said. There wasn't anybody there, of course, except the dead man. And even the girl admitted that she never heard anybody answer him. Of course, he might have been praying, and then, of course, he might not.

"Anyway, in the morning he went away without any breakfast, and they didn't see him again till the funeral. And they had to send and fetch him for that. That was the beginning of things. From that time on he always stayed if he could by the bedsides of the dying, and sat up all night with the dead just as he had done with the old farmer. His sermons, too, were all about death and the resurrection. And they weren't particularly orthodox either. I've heard people declare that on winter Sunday evenings he'd fairly make them sit up and shiver in the pews by the things he'd say.

"Well, so it went on for a long time. He was a wonder at death-bed consolations and all that kind of thing, and if anybody fell ill, the parson was always the first to be sent for. Then, one night, some busy-body or other—a woman it was—called at the vicarage late and found him sitting in his study by the fire, talking to a strange man. This was the first time that anybody had seen a guest at his house, and it wasn't anybody she'd seen before. So you may be sure she made the most of it. She came away with an extraordinary tale. How that this man wasn't like ordinary men. One of the things she said was that she could see the firelight through his hands which he held out to the glow. And goodness knows what else. That he hadn't any face, and that his figure cast no shadows, and that the vicar seemed very upset at being disturbed.

"Rightly or wrongly, the vicar had got somebody there, because he was seen out walking at night with a man who wasn't known to any in those parts. The two had been seen by lots of people, going into the house together after dark. Curiously enough, nobody ever saw the stranger in the daytime, and the old woman who kept house for the vicar said the story was all nonsense."

(Continued on page 44)

"No ghost story that I ever heard could touch half the stories you find every morning in the papers"

"Timeo Danaos et Dona Ferentes"

THE CHRISTMAS HORSE OF TROY

BY CHAS. CROMBIE

(*Continued from page 42*)

The speaker paused. He had told the story up to this stage dramatically but with no straining after effect. He had illustrated with gestures its chief points. His hands, too, had kept up a perpetual accompaniment to his voice, now indicating the vehemence of the preacher in the pulpit, now touching the arm of his nearest neighbour to enforce some phrase, now holding them out to the fire as the unusual visitor to the vicarage had been seen to do. A queer reminiscent smile lighted his pale blue eyes and flickered about the corners of his undistinguished mouth.

"Well, what then?" the young man with the stutter asked, breaking the silence.

"Things got to such a pitch at last," the speaker resumed, "that the village decided to lay traps and find out exactly who and what kind of man the vicar entertained so surreptitiously. Although it was no concern of theirs they made it very much their business. They waited about in the lanes at night. They surprised the parson at all kinds of odd moments. And at such times he was never alone. But though each declared that they had seen two men, the vicar and the other, they never agreed among themselves as to what the stranger was like. The one or two women who saw him said that he was young and very handsome. The men varied much more in their accounts. Some said they knew him as a young labourer who had been dead some years. Others insisted that he wasn't anything out of the ordinary, only they'd never seen him before.

"They never did anything but talk though. People like that," the narrator observed with a note of scorn in his voice, "are unable to concentrate on a thing for more than a week at a time. Of course, the women kept it going longest. But even they got tired in time. 'Oh, that's the vicar's familiar,' they'd say if anybody strange happened to ask about the affair."

"But what was it really?" the young man with the stutter asked, voicing the question that everybody wanted answered.

"Just a ghost!" the stranger replied; "just a familiar, as they put it."

"But do you mean to say——" the rubicund commercial began and paused.

"I do," came the hearty response. "The vicar hadn't wasted his time with all those books for nothing. Besides, he had a natural gift for the thing. He'd raised it, if you like, and there it was."

"Did you ever see it?" asked a man who hadn't spoken before.

"Oh, yes, I saw it once or twice," the speaker assured him. "But curiously enough some people could only see it in a mirror. And I suppose I was one of them. Anyway, *that was the only way I ever did see it.*"

"What was it like?" another inquired.

"Quite ordinary. Just like you or me. You wouldn't have noticed anything different about it from an ordinary man."

"But you said," the young man protested, "that the woman who saw it first said it was . . that she could see the firelight through it, and that it hadn't any shadow!"

"That's true enough," the stranger said. "But that was only at the beginning. It grew more definite and like a real man as time went by. They do, you know. It's only new ghosts that startle you. That's the very point I wanted to make, because most people fall into the same error. Ghosts, real established ghosts, become just like

"Anyway that was the only way I ever did see it"

"It's only new ghosts that startle you"

ordinary people—if only they get into the right hands, that is. And, of course, lots of them never do. It's only in the early stages that they attract attention by seeming transparent. And it's only in the early stages that they do stupid things like ringing bells and groaning and dragging chains about. You see, it's their way of attracting attention. But once they've established themselves they drop all that. They don't want to attract attention then."

"But——" the young man protested involuntarily.

"Of course there are elementals and funny little beasts like that who knock furniture about and tap tables and pinch people in the dark. But they aren't real ghosts. We know all about them."

There came another pause, tense with unspoken and inarticulate curiosities.

"But what happened?" somebody said at last.

"To the vicar, I mean. Is he still alive?"

"No," said the stranger. "He died."

"And is that all?" the young man with the stutter asked, feeling defrauded, and yet at the same time hoping it was.

"That's all about the vicar," the stranger said, getting up and gathering his papers together. He went towards the door, and would have gone, but the company insisted on his telling them all he knew.

"What became of the ghost?" one asked.

"Was it ever seen again?" said another.

"Oh, yes, often," said the stranger at the door, and, pausing, he looked them all in turn gravely in the eyes.

"Good night, gentlemen," he said. "Lots of people have seen it since."

A cold draught blew into the room as he opened the door. Then as he went out he turned and, in answer to the baffled wonder of their expressions, added:

"You see, I'm the ghost!"

And went out.

"You see I'm the ghost"

HORACE HORSNELL

Studies in "Seasonable" Nonsense

THE PIRATE'S BRIDE

Once aboard the lugger and th' gal is mine—Ha! Ha!

A REALLY RIDICULOUS RHYME

There was a crooked man who wore a crooked smile,
He found a crooked wife beside a crooked stile,
They bought a crooked cat which caught a crooked mouse,

More Phrases Illustrated—No. 2

"PUTTING TWO AND TWO TOGETHER"

(*See page* 30 *for No.* 1)

BY LAWSON WOOD

THE VILLAGE THAT DESERVED IT

AN EPISODE OF THE BALKAN WAR

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—*We publish this narrative as it reaches us, leaving our readers to judge its veracity for themselves.*)

I was sitting in a Salonika café on my way home from the war between the Greeks and Bulgars one day last July, glad to be quit of the field of blood and lies, when, to my disgust, a telegram was handed to me from my newspaper in London.

Send harrowing description burning massacre Greeks village Vouliagmeni.

I had left Vouliagmeni a few days before, and certainly it had not then been either burnt or massacred. Still, London always gets its news of these affairs several days in advance of its correspondents at the front, and it was quite probable that the enemy had arrived and done his worst since my departure.

I took a motor car and proceeded in the direction of the remains of what had once been Vouliagmeni, and at a point some ten miles distant met a party of stragglers, with a caravan.

"From Vouliagmeni?" I asked in Greek.

"From Vouliagmeni," they replied.

"Escaped?" I asked.

I don't know what they replied, for there was too much of it, and all spoke together, men, women, and children. I deduced, however, from gestures, that the enemy had been to Vouliagmeni and had done rather worse than his worst. The refugees seemed decidedly vexed.

Ultimately, I got one of them, a most respectable and European-looking person, to tell me (in Greek) more or less what *had* happened.

I am a very conscientious correspondent, and was sent to the front as a specialist, reliable always for the exact truth, and also for a bias in favour of the Greeks as desired by my editor. After hearing the story, however, honesty compelled me to pause and consider whether I could sincerely condemn the Bulgars for their day's work in eliminating the village of Vouliagmeni, and whether, were I the invader of a similar village at home (could such a village possibly exist) I could conscientiously have done anything else but burn it. The individual who told the story was a respectable looking man of the merchant class, who went frequently to Salonika by train. He had witnessed the entire proceedings.

"It was almost exactly one o'clock," he said, "and I had to catch the two o'clock train to the city. I needed a cab, as I had some luggage, and rang up on the telephone, intending to ask the innkeeper to put the cabman outside the bar (it was the only place in which the cabman was ever sure of being found) and order him to drive up and collect me. I rang three, four, five times and got no answer—no unusual thing, of course. But still, serious. It was necessary to go round myself, and as I went out my wife asked me to look in at the greengrocer's, as three hours ago she had ordered some vegetables which had been promised to be sent at once, but which had not yet arrived. Unless they came at once, there would be nothing for lunch, as the meat sent by the butcher (for the third time in succession) was bad.

"You may wonder why I, as an Insurance Agent, should be expected to go myself on such errands, but I may as well tell you, sir, that nobody in Vouliagmeni can ever keep a servant longer than a week. You may, as a civilised Englishman, think I should have gone and got my lunch in the inn, but as the landlord generally assaulted anybody who expected anything else to eat but hard biscuits, I knew that would be useless. Time was getting on; I had only an hour before the train started, or, I should say, before it was billed to start—our trains were generally half an hour late in starting, as the engine-driver usually took a siesta, after his midday meal and bottle of wine.

"Well, as I went out, to my horror, I caught sight of smoke issuing from the offices of the local builder. A fire? I could not but wonder, with a certain amount of malicious satisfaction, because the builder himself, as chairman of the local district council, had persistently ruled out of order a motion made by me on account of the Insurance Companies I act for, that Vouliagmeni should have a local fire engine. As a builder, it *paid* him to have houses burned down, and thus to need re-building. If his place were itself on fire, well, I thought, it would be an act of divine justice.

"As I approached the village street I met the milk boy running as quickly as he could, with a look of horror on his face.

(He was a good lad, and it was not his fault that the milk he delivered half an hour late every morning was usually either sour or sky-blue.)

"'What's up?' I asked.

"'The Bulgars,' he said. 'They have killed the master.'

"I said I was sorry, of course, and as I continued on my way I wondered whether perchance it was they also who had fired the offices of my enemy the builder. As a good Greek heaven forbid I should say a good word for our hated enemy: still, if the surmise were right—but to proceed. As I turned the corner I met a postman hurrying along.

"'The Bulgars,' he said. 'They have killed the postmaster and abducted the mistress.'

"'What Mme——,' I said. '*Abducted* her? The Bulgars?'

"I was surprised, and *said* I was sorry for the postmaster. (It hadn't been he who made the practice of opening our letters and circulating their contents broadcast round the neighbourhood.)

"'Anything else?' I asked.

'Well, how much more do you want? The whole village destroyed?'

"I denied that I had *said* any such thing, and proceeded on my way. Well—— "

. . . . .

I felt I had heard enough of this, and that it was time to get to the rockbottom facts. "Come." I

said, "tell me briefly did they destroy the whole village?"

"Sir," he said, "to the best of my knowledge they did. They burned the registry office——"

"Any outrages?"

"No, the servants were of the kind who are regarded as 'safe' (I'd employed most of them.) They hanged the telephone clerk-in-charge to one of his own poles. They——"

"Oh, come, come! Did they exterminate the entire population?"

"With the exception of those you see here, yes."

"And who was in command of the division who did the work?"

"Oddly enough a Bulgarian officer who used to live there."

"I understand," I said, sighing, "I suppose I shall have to write it up as an act of unspeakable Bulgarian barbarism."

"I suppose you will," he said, sighing too, "though——"

"Quite so," I said, jumping into my car and ordering my man to drive back to Salonika.

* * * * *

A week later I received a complaint from London that my account of the affair did not sufficiently censure the barbarity of the Bulgarians. But, as I have already said, I am an honest man, and as the Bulgarians for once seem to have acted as the emissaries of divine justice—well, that should be known in England (where, of course, such a village as Vouliagmeni could not possibly exist . . . could it?)

THOMAS TATTENHAM

BOBBIE: "By Jove, Billy! Another bally strike"

PROTECTION FROM INFECTION
WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR
SOAP
THE NURSERY SOAP

"Jester little reminder"

DELILAH RELENTS

A Study in Dress and Morals

By OLGA SOMERVILLE

ILLUSTRATED BY BALLIOL SALMON

"How, by the way, does she dress?"

"MEN are all the same."

"And women?"

"Also the same, I suppose—only differently dressed."

"Ah! . . . ."

Mr. Comerford paused to cogitate, and to eat an olive. It was the third time he had done so in the quarter of an hour since they had sat down to Lady Wivenhoe's lunch, and each time it had been because of something said by the girl—an heiress, they said, and pretty as well as clever—who had been seated next to him. Lady Wivenhoe had given him the clearest instructions to amuse her: he needn't let the fact that he was married interfere with the obligation. Cynthia had been feeling dreadfully dull, for Biarritz that autumn had noticeably lacked young English society. Cynthia was youthful; he was a distinctly young-looking thirty. He was to amuse her: instead of which, she would persist in puzzling him—as in the remark quoted above.

"So women," he said after the olive had done its best, "are all the same, only differently dressed. She differs not in what she is but in what she wears. If you, for instance, had on a dowdy dress instead of one that to me looks very lovely, you would be less attractive?"

"Yes. And if I had on something a thousand times more charming, I should be a thousand times more attractive. . . I could prove it to you."

"I think it impossible. But in any case you must never try."

"Why not?"

"Because I am married—very fond of my wife—but . . . weak, sometimes."

Cynthia smiled ever so slightly.

"How, by the way, does *she* dress?"

"Don't. It is a sore point. She dresses very, very economically."

Cynthia sighed sympathetically.

"Poor man."

"Yes, I am—deucedly poor. That's why she, like a model wife, I suppose, dresses as she does—well within our income. I've tried to improve her, using the argument that life is short and so on. But no good. I've actually ordered her things at Bond Street shops, but she sends them back every time. All I could get her to promise this winter was that I might, if I liked, get her something simple in Paris which she might wear to the Christmas dance at the Hall. But, mind you, she didn't *want* me to."

"Ah! So she is worthy as well as economical?"

"Scrupulously."

Cynthia sighed again, but did not comment.

"Well," he said, "do you pity me for that too?"

"No," said Cynthia, "I suppose when one marries one's husband would expect at least that. I shall be married myself one day—for my money, of *course*."

He sighed.

(*All rights strictly reserved.*)

"You are courteous," she said, acknowledgingly, then quickly and curiously, "What is she like—in looks—your wife?"

"Quite like you."

Cynthia looked vexed. Why? he wondered, as he went on. "Pale brown hair, *petite*, and pretty, as you are, except——"

Cynthia looked, he thought, more vexed.

"Except?"

He nerved himself to be bold by a sip at his only glass of champagne.

"That she is—worthy," he said.

"And," she said smiling, though not altogether mirthfully, "dresses economically—dresses within your means. *Lucky* man!"

"Oh, lucky now, am I?"

"Yes, I should have ruined you. Why"—her eyes acquired a new glitter—"I have at the villa a frock, the only one like it in Paris, one I bought specially for Cairo. I haven't yet worn it, because as yet I've met nobody who's educated up to it."

"How does one learn, and how long does it take?"

"As long as it takes to learn to *worship*. One must be worshipped in such a dress."

"I wish——," he began. "But I am a devoted husband and, also, due back in London next week."

She pouted. "Now you are not courteous. Would it take so very long to learn to worship me?"

Feeling—among other things—embarrassed, he did not answer, but merely stupidly sipped more champagne. When lunch was over, Lady Wivenhoe, who, while entertaining her other guests in her well-known fashion, had been side-glancing at them as their chat had proceeded, took Cynthia by the arm and whispered to her. He only heard her reply, which was, "Oh, quite! Do let's." Then Lady Wivenhoe came to him and reported.

"Cynthia wants to drive you to San Juan de Luz—for tea. *I* always ride in front with the chauffeur."

"Oh, but, really——"

"No buts and no really. I told you you were to amuse her. Why, good gracious, boy, you're the only young man in the place, and married or not Cynthia has a right to your society. Why, she expects a hundred thousand when she's of age, and I'm horribly in debt. So help me by doing exactly as you're told or——"

"Or what?"

"I shall write and *tell* your wife you're flirting."

So he had to motor to San Juan. Lady Wivenhoe proved an inept chaperon, and absorbed herself most absurdly in the scenery, which she knew by heart, and in such conversation as she could extract from the chauffeur. The chauffeur, too, drove carelessly, and once or twice swerved so riskily as he passed other vehicles that Cynthia, who had carelessly ungloved *her* hand, had to grasp his. Careless in his turn, and of course meaning no harm, he on several occasions omitted to return it until it was long overdue, and by the time they got to San Juan he was in a state of acute internal conflict.

He found himself experiencing towards his companion an exact reproduction of the feelings he had had five years previously under very similar circumstances for his wife, whom Cynthia, the closer she drew to him, the more closely seemed to resemble. Had she been unlike his absent Diana,—at that moment, doubtless, mending something or other in the nursery of the cottage near the Chilterns—had Cynthia been unlike her, he was quite sure he would never have allowed himself even to talk intimately with her, far less to take her ungloved hand. It was, of course, because she reminded him of Diana and because what was happening *was* so very much like what had led up to his engagement, that things were going on as they were.

"But they ought not to be going on," said one half of himself. "But how can they be stopped?" asked the other. "Draw the line before it's too late," warned half No. 1. "Of course," replied half No. 2, "if one knows exactly at what moment that is."

Where they took tea was in the shady garden of a villa looking over a bay, in which were innumerable paths overhung with orange trees, interrupted by summer houses and such like. A little band, at tea, played unnecessarily amorous music, one of the pieces being of so pronounced a sentimentality that Cynthia's eyes appeared to be glistening.

"Memories?" he asked, tenderly.

"Anticipated ones," she said, and sighed deeply.

"Damn!" he thought, furiously. "What about the drawing of that line?"

After tea, they walked in the garden, Lady Wivenhoe setting the seal on her incompetency as a chaperon by disappearing altogether. Their conversational powers seemed also to have disappeared, for as they stood side by side looking towards the bay in the twilight, neither said a word. Five years ago, somewhere in England, so had he stood silently next to Diana, a Diana too fresh and sweet for even the wrong clothes to spoil, and he remembered that he had then given her the first kiss that was to usher in the five years now passed.

Years of happiness? He supposed so. He was very fond of Diana; she was a devoted wife. If only—if only she had been a little less zealous for the things that were his, and a little more for himself; if only she had not allowed romance to give way so hopelessly to the realities, he would never have found himself even harmlessly intimate with another woman, even one so very much like herself.

Yes, Cynthia was like Diana—differently dressed. Almost he could imagine it was Diana. Almost—oh! what was coming over him as he stood so close to her in the silence of the twilight, something he could no more control now than he could five years ago? He must kiss Cynthia, just once, and then—draw the line! That was his simple resolve.

But Cynthia's was a good deal less simple—and proved the more successful.

When they emerged, to return to the incompetent chaperon, Comerford was precisely as madly, as desperately, in love with Cynthia as he had been five years ago with Diana, and without having had the remotest forethought of being anything of the kind.

"Of course, nothing can come of it—nothing," he said miserably to her, as they walked back. "Oh, why did I ever set eyes on you?"

"I'm very glad I set eyes on you," she said, "and I think a good deal may come of it."

"Oh, but it mustn't. I must go back at once, and

try to forget you—try and merge you into her. D you understand ? "

" But *she* is worthy," said Cynthia, with mischief in her eye, " and dresses——"

" She must dress differently," he said firmly. " She must be herself and—you too, Cynthia."

" Quite like a man," she said, " and men, as I say, are all the same. But you rather leave me out of it, Ambrose." She pronounced his name just as Diana had pronounced it that magic first time five years ago, and he had loved it ever since ; and now he fell in love with it again. " Suppose I tell you, darling," she went on, " that *I* love you—yes, love you, and want you to be mine. What then ? "

" Oh, you—you don't mean that. You mustn't mean it. For God's sake say you're only trifling with me."

" But I do mean it. Married or not married, I loved you from the very first moment I set eyes on you. And love, Ambrose, laughs at marriage certificates. Besides, your appearance is of the particular kind that anybody would have taken it for granted you'd married somebody much older who allowed you to go about and do as you like. How was I to suppose that your wife was young and like me—only good, and economically dressed ? "

" She shall be different," he said. " In memory, Cynthia, of you. I shall leave to-morrow."

" No," said Cynthia, taking his arm. " You must not."

" Yes," he said, firmly.

A few minutes' clash of silent will, and then Lady Wivenhoe :

" Come ! We shall be late for dinner. Mr. Comerford won't have time to dress, but he must come to us afterwards."

" Of course he'll come," said Cynthia softly, as he helped her into the car.

The chauffeur drove so carelessly on the return journey that Cynthia thought it necessary to leave her still ungloved hand clasped in his for the early part of the run. For the latter part of it, she was insured against swerve-nerves by the placing of his arm round her waist, which pleased her completely. She hadn't a notion that the tiresome man was all the while conscientiously trying to persuade himself that he was holding somebody else far away who was good, and dressed . . . .

* * * * *

" I think there's time for Ambrose, I mean for Mr. Comerford, to go to his hotel to dress," said Cynthia when they reached Biarritz to her chaperon on their return from San Juan. " You see, *we* shall have to dress—at least, I shall."

As she said it, he caught her eye in the light of the lamps, and suddenly remembered—the gown in which she must be worshipped—the creation for Cairo.

" I shall come in later," he said. " Just to see it—and to say good-bye."

But he hadn't quite expected a private view, and was taken decidedly by surprise when, on calling at

"His absent Diana—at that moment, doubtless, mending something or other in the nursery of the cottage near the Chilterns"

about half-past nine, the maid informed him that Lady Wivenhoe had retired to bed, not being very well, and that only Mademoiselle was in.

He hesitated at the door, then a voice in the distance called out:

"Show Mr. Comerford in here, Lizette."

He closed the door behind him. Then he gave the slightest of gasps. His heart beat swiftly; he looked at the door, and listened uneasily for sounds that came not, then turned again to feast his eyes on the form that reclined on the divan.

It was Cynthia, but transformed.

He contemplated her for a few brief seconds, then gently knelt down beside her, not to steal new kisses, only to feast his newly-hungered eyes on every detail of her.

How many things she looked!—a girl and a woman, a great lady and a courtesan, a Tanagra statuette, the Diana in the Louvre, the Russian dancer—in a dress by Leon Bakst—whose picture he had seen some weeks ago in Bond Street. He had thought her pretty before: to-night she was maddening, enticing, irresistible. He wanted to take her in his arms, to turn this wonderful sinuous, filmy thing into just his woman, to bury his face in the cool, opalescent skin that was only half hidden under its thin coverings.

Cynthia settled herself down among the big black cushions that she knew made her a background. The worry of clothes, the constant effort, the frightful expense of them, was pretty sickening sometimes. But that look in Ambrose's eyes, that and the other women, these repaid one, made the cult of clothes indeed the only one that was really worth while for a woman. She kept a smiling silence as Ambrose surveyed her.

The *robe d'intérieur* she wore was a miracle of sweeping lines and subtle transparencies, of simplicity and intricacy, a triumph of the Place Vendôme. From the white column of her throat with its encircling narrow black ribbon to her waist there seemed to Ambrose to be practically nothing—nothing but a little chiffon, under which he could see, through cobwebby lace and embroidery, the warm pink flesh.

But then came colour and drapery—wonderful, even to the eyes of man, of moonlight blue gauze that was shot with gleams of silver and stencilled with a bold design of purple passion-flowers; and that at the foot, where the soft dark stuff trailed wispily along the floor, was slit on one side to the knee to show how slim silken ankles were "latticed" with narrow baby ribbon.

There was a great clasp of pearl and turquoise below her breast, and, into an absurd but delightful sash of silver tissue, that turned Cynthia at one moment into a serpent of Old Nile and at another into a little girl in her first party frock, she had stuck three flaming tiger lilies. Such earthly details as fastenings were seemingly taboo, and the filmy night-blue gown clung to her in lovely natural lines, forming what seemed to her brooding audience the outward petals of the flower that was Cynthia's fragrant, drooping body. Her dark hair too "went" to her head in soft smooth waves that Ambrose's nervous, caressing hands did not disarrange. Two flat diamond horseshoe pins held it close to the sides and a string of pearls was twisted through it, one end of which hung beneath her chin from ear to ear. On Cynthia's fingers, too, were pearls—huge, big ones that stood out like clouded stars, two on each hand, and below the left knee a black velvet garter with a diamond slide caught the light at discreet intervals.

Through the half-open window his ear caught the rippling of the Arabesque of Debussy on the piano of a neighbouring villa—it remained now but to touch the figure, and gently he put his hand on her hand and drew it to his lips. Only the rippling eastern music broke the silence.

He was worshipping. The indiscretion of the afternoon had been transformed into enslavement and by nothing else but the magic of apparel. The girl, by day pretty, in twilight seductive, had by its influence in the dim light of the boudoir been made adorable.

Slowly, as he drew closer to her, the vision of Diana at home receded, vanished. Cynthia had too easily, too thoroughly, disposed of that idea of being "merged" with the owner of his legitimate love. To-night, possessing him body and soul, she shone alone. . . .

It was a single thing of lace and silk—Cynthia's sole concession to that cult of "body-linen" which made her grandmothers and even her mother in her time place five thicknesses at least between themselves and the mad bad world. Guiltless of frills, it was a dainty wonder of fine needlework to whose making some other woman's eyes had surely dimmed, some other woman's back grown deadly weary. . . . She looked a child—and at moments a Paris soubrette—in it, and Ambrose, unhappy lover of the beautiful, wanted to kiss the little feet in the gold and silver brocaded shoes with their absurd high heels.

The delicate pianist passed from Debussy, rather suddenly. The light, atmospheric, toneless sequences ceased, and gave way to the yearning mystery of the Prelude to *Tristan*. He raised himself to listen. . . The pianist passed into the *Liebestod*. Cynthia's eyes showed sudden brightness, as though some new idea had come into her busy little brain.

"The *Liebestod*," she said. "Oh, but of course you know what it means? The song of Love's Death . . . . such love as must die . . . such love as ours, Ambrose."

"As ours?" he murmured. "Must it die?"

"Of course. That's what I said, isn't it? Now that you have had time to worship me! And let it die as the music dies. Let these be our last kisses, swaying with the rhythm of it . . . tragic kisses, kisses that kill. . . .

* * * * *

When he left the villa, and passed out into the cold, starry night, it was as a man moving in a dream from which, as he walked to the hotel, he never once allowed himself to waken. He knew he was walking in Biarritz, just that and no more, and even as he let himself into his room, undressed and got into bed, his brain remained still. He fell asleep, and in his sleep saw one never-changing vision.

Next morning he was awakened. Among the letters was one unstamped in a scented blue envelope, written (by a hand whose owner he guessed), to him. It

(Continued on page 56)

SHOOLBRED'S

Novelties in Blouses & Corsets

S22. Useful Ivory Jap Silk Shirt perfect fitting turn over collar, finished with one large pearl button and Foulard Bow

13 & 13½ 14 & 14½ in.

12/9

Outsize **14/9**

THE NEW HIP BLOUSE

Latest Shape

A smart Blouse in soft Meteor Satin with square Satin Collar of a contrasting shade. Back and front Studded with Buttons. This model is drawn full down over hips, and tied round with Satin Ribbon forming a Sash

IN ALL LEADING SHADES

35/6

Carriage is Paid on these Goods to anywhere in United Kingdom.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

250.—Dainty Ivory Jap Silk Shirt prettily tucked back and front, smart turn over Collar, and Coat-shaped Revers, finished with Pearl Buttons

Price **7/11**

THE CORSET OF THE MOMENT

Unsurpassed for ease and elegance. Fits well down over hips, and is made with a very short elastic bust. For sporting purposes and Evening wear it will be found an ideal corset.

5/9

THE SPORTS CORSET

White Broché Coutil Sports Corset suitable for all athletic purposes. Elastic Bust. In all sizes. Fitted with four suspenders

10/6

(Continued from page 54)

was from Cynthia, written doubtless after he had left her, and delivered by hand :

"Darling,—It was artistic to let our love die thus, to the music of Love's Death, though cruel. I *want* you, oh so desperately, to come to me again to-day, but am writing to implore you more desperately not to. After you had gone, and I was taking It off—the frock, I mean—I thought of her, your wife, and the thought that I might have stolen you from her made me shiver remorsefully all through the night. I thought of her—somebody, you said, who was like me, somebody I might possibly love if I knew—even as you have loved her and I have loved you. This morning I woke wanting you more than words could say, but wanting you to go from me before temptation got the better of me again. So do, darling, take the train away somewhere to-day—to Pau, for instance, where, if you feel as I do, you can distract yourself. But don't go back to London to-day. I have a little reason all of my own, which you'll know soon, for wanting you not to reach your home at Chilstone until the end of the week. If you love me, promise me

(Continued on page 58)

"It was Cynthia, but transformed. He contemplated her for a few brief seconds, then gently knelt down beside her, not to steal new kisses, only to feast his newly-hungered eyes on every detail of her"

INNOVATION TRUNKS

TRADE-MARK

The Innovation Way

of going on a journey: one neat trunk instead of several pieces of cumbersome luggage

My [illegible] the Innovation Trunk [illegible] infinite ease it will [illegible] needs for her visit

[illegible] my Lady of the [illegible] k spends only a [illegible] gage. It is so [illegible] k after one piece [illegible] five or six pieces

[illegible] my Lady [illegible] moment, [illegible] ion Trunk being [illegible] through she has [illegible]

[illegible] no terrors for [illegible] unpacking the [illegible] officer sees [illegible] ing carried

[illegible]

45 in. x 14 in. x 21 in. outside measurements

Ideal for Travelling to the Winter Resorts

WINTER travel is made very much pleasanter if you are freed from luggage worries. To this end, it pays first, last, and always to use an Innovation Trunk.

In the Trunk illustrated the Innovation fitment of arms and hangers will carry five to eight dresses for a lady, or five complete suits for a Gentleman, and the drawers will hold a suitable quantity of Linen, Lingerie, or Shirts, Collars, Underclothing, Boots, etc. If required it can be shared by a married couple.

Everything is kept in beautiful condition—no crushing or creasing possible. No laborious packing. Absolutely no unpacking; open the Trunk and you find everything at hand. You take out or put back any article without disturbing the rest. One piece of luggage instead of several pieces of luggage—this trunk does for all.

Prices: £5 15 0, 39 in. high, with 4 arms
£6 6 0, 45 in. high with 5 arms (as illustrated)

Write for the new illustrated Book No. 26

How an Innovation Trunk becomes a private wardrobe when away from home, takes care of your clothes, relieves you of *all* bother, saves you money on tips, excess luggage, &c., and in various other ways proves an indispensable possession, makes our Book No. 26 absorbing reading. Why not send for it to-day?—it is free to you

INNOVATION INGENUITIES Ltd

16 New Bond St., and 55 Brompton Rd., London

EDINBURGH 16 George St; GLASGOW 106 Hope St; LIVERPOOL Bon Marche; PARIS 10 Rue Aube.

(*Continued from page 56*)

this, even if you stay at Pau or "rest" in Paris. If you do write tell your wife you're buying her a present—something 'simple' to wear—as she said she'd let you. Do as I say and I shall love you even after Love's Death.

"And, lastly, never again dare to question the magic power of clothes; why you may one day come under its spell where you least expect and most desire it. Till then, darling, *au revoir*."

He read the letter twice or thrice for the "her" that was in it: lingering to read with emphasis the passage in which she spoke of wanting him desperately, delighting that she demanded aught of him, even something so distasteful as that he should go away from her—not far, only to Pau. Then he read it coolly, to understand its sentiment and its motive—her remorse, her tender thought for Diana the absent and unknown possessor of his legal love, someone *she* might have loved as he loved, and as she loved him! He dwelt on that; it was so deliciously unusual, so complex. It was femininity in a new phase.

Then the instructions. To divert himself somehow: not to go back to London till the end of the week: she had a reason of her own he would know one day. He wondered in the name of heaven, what? And why—oh why—was he to tell his wife that he was going to buy her a present? What could that possibly matter to Cynthia? Lastly, not to question the magic of clothes; one day he might come under its spell "where he least expected and most desired it. Till then, *au revoir*." Then he read and re-read, understanding it not at all, least of all its loveliest phrase—the last one, *au revoir*. Clearly she expected something that would re-unite them, but why "till then"? He gave it up and opened the other letters, first that from Diana, an affectionate, newsy, rather petulant little note, full of little details. One of these was about the dance at the Hall. The opulent chatelaine, Mrs. Murgatroyd, had herself been in to insist that she—Diana—should go. She had accepted, but of course, she had no clothes, so she would be "ill" at the last moment. Wondering whether he might be able to supply the "something simple," he got up.

Obediently to Cynthia's command he sat down to write to his wife. It stung his soul to write to her the word—"darling"—that he had spoken so recently to another, and he only composed the letter itself by an effort that made him hateful in his own eyes. But he got in that promise—that he was buying her something "simple to wear" for the dance, for there he was doing Cynthia's sweet bidding. As to what it should be he had all the morrow's journey in which to decide. Something in Paris, he supposed.

In such mood, on the morrow, he set forth for Pau, calling on his way to the station to leave the necessary P.P.C. card on Lady Wivenhoe and her *protégée*. Early as it was, he caught no glimpse of Cynthia, for, up with the lark, said Lizette, that lady had gone off for a motor tour of the Pyrenees.

The mountains! He shivered. Love her as he did, he doubted whether, unless he had desired their own little version of the drama to have a Tristanesque finish, he would willingly have shared the trip under the ægis of that terrible chauffeur.

In the course of a day or two he reached Paris to find it as depressing as were his own spirits. For twelve hours the train had been whirling him away from the sun, and from Cynthia. With his return to wintry latitudes the image of her—always garbed as he had seen her that night—passed from the actual to the ethereal. As, at daybreak, he looked out on grey skies, sodden meadows and swollen streams and dripping trees, he realised that with the passing of the night the affair had become an episode, the luxury of thinking about which should henceforth be a reward of his leisure. Cynthia should be something to keep on a little shelf of his mind. Of course, she had vanished from his actual life, despite the mysterious *au revoir*.

Her letter! He had put it in his pocket-book. Suppose the train smashed, and it was found on him? Tear it up? He supposed so. Hateful, sacrilegious task. But out into the air fluttered a hundred little blue paper-flakes. Nevertheless he kept the envelope: he must retain at least that much that was of her.

And he found Paris wet. It was uninspiring. He was sure he could never choose anything suitable for Diana in a wet Paris, and in the morning. So he decided to leave the choice for London. She would be disappointed, of course. But never mind! He must be affectionate with her. No doubt by the time he had experienced another three hundred miles of northern influence he would be his full, original, faithful self, and Cynthia would be even more remote and visionary. He thought that, anyway.

* * * * *

It was just seven when he arrived home, after the gloomiest of Channel crossings, the dreariest of journeys into the British capital and the slowest of Saturday evening crawls from Marylebone to Chilstone. The prospect of the dining-room fire, and something hot to eat. Fussing over him, as he changed into his dinner suit, would be Diana herself—looking hopelessly like, yet hopelessly unlike, Cynthia—dressed in the usual severe little dressmaker-made half-evening frock, much more anxious about the unpacking of his bag than the unburdening of his heart, interested not at all in his impressions but a great deal in his unwashed linen.

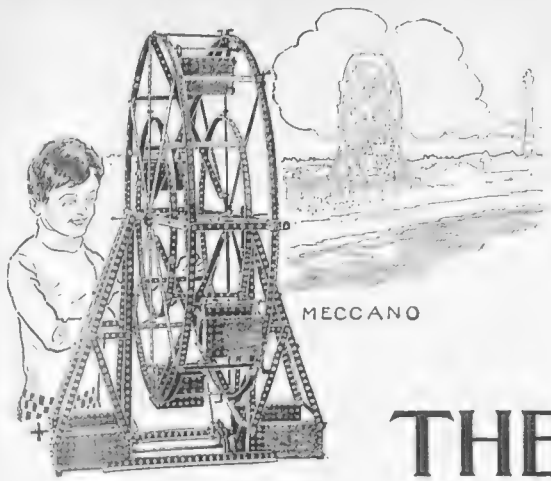
On the station meeting the train, he saw Mrs. Murgatroyd, the dance-giver of the following night, who paused to speak to him.

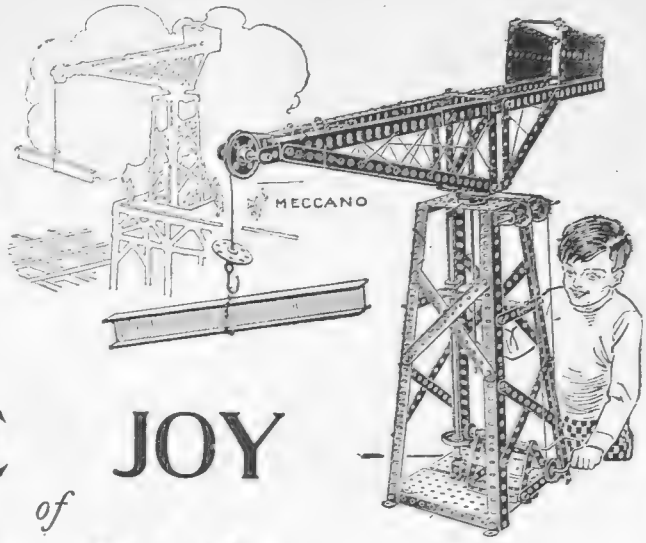
"You're coming—both of you," she said. "I've just left your wife, and if that's *your* choice—well, you *must* have unusually original taste."

"My choice?" he asked. But the local *grande dame* had no time to explain herself. Her motor was waiting, and as to what on earth she was talking about Ambrose had to worry as he drove home in a fly.

Having prepared himself to meet her, determined to be as cordial as had there never been a Cynthia, he was a little piqued that the rolling of his cab-wheels and their stoppage at the garden gate was not followed by an opening of the front door. No welcome, even as he walked rather noisily up the path after a rather noisy "good night" to the cabman. Then the drawing-room light was unusually dim. Diana, economical as she was, had no nonsensical love of half-lights. Could anything be wrong? He trembled as he rang the bell. The housemaid, not Diana, let him in.

(*Continued on page 60*)



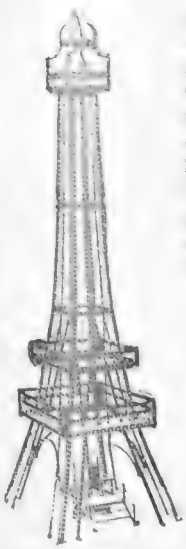


THE JOY *of* THE BOY

who builds these fine working models with Meccano is something you want in your home. It does the heart good

MECCANO sets a boy's imagination and ambition ablaze and thrills him with eager joy. It enables him at once, without skill or study, to build real working models in shining steel of the great engineering masterpieces which have filled him with wonder. It develops ingenuity, resourcefulness, inventiveness. Your boy would love to build and play with these models. His mind cannot conceive anything finer, because it is his instinct to make things that work or move. For hours on end he will sit absorbed industriously building Meccano models of Cranes, Towers, Bridges, Railways, Signals, Lifts, Lighthouses, Monoplanes, Windmills, Fire-escapes and scores and scores of other different models. If you give your boy Meccano this Christmas he will jump for joy.

MECCANO — 100 TOYS IN ONE



Meccano Model of the Eiffel Tower in Paris

MECCANO consists of bright plated steel strips, gear and flanged wheels, nuts and bolts, and other parts necessary for building the great array of models. These parts are standardized and interchangeable, so that scores of different models can be made with them.

Meccano is based on standard engineering principles, consequently each model works in a precise and smooth manner, either by hand or by the Meccano Spring Motor. This Motor can be built into, so as to form part of a completed model. The prices of Meccano Motor are 5/- and 15/- each, complete.

Give your boy Meccano this Christmas, and you will give him continuous enjoyment. He will jump for very joy when he receives your gift. It is the brightest and best hobby ever invented for boys.

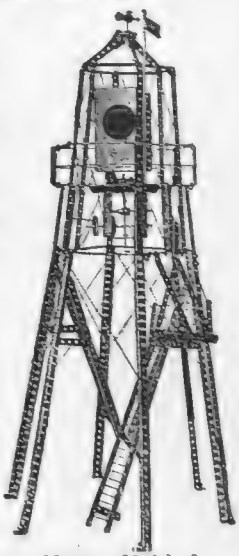
Meccano Prices

Outfit	No. 0	... ...	3/-
,,	No. 1	... ...	5/-
,,	No. 2	... ...	10/-
,,	No. 3	... ...	15/-
,,	No. 4	... ...	25/-
,,	No. 5	... ...	55/-
,,	No. 6	... ...	100/-

Each outfit is complete with well illustrated book of instructions. No extras to buy.

FREE BOOK No. II

FREE BOOK No. 11.—This book tells all about Meccano in bright, simple language that will hold the interest of the reader, young or old, from cover to cover. It is fully illustrated, and describes how any boy can build the great array of working models. Write for this absorbing little book No. 11 to-day. A post card will bring it.



Meccano Model of the Maplin Lighthouse

Meccano is obtainable at all the best Toy Shops, Photo-dealers, Stores, &c

MECCANO Ltd. 274 West Derby Road, Liverpool

(*Continued from page 58*)

"Mistress is in—of course—" said the girl, with a giggle—she had always been of the familiar species — "well — oh, yes, sir — but (giggle) she's waitin' for you in the drawin'-room. It came only an hour ago, and for once we all persuaded her, Mrs. Murgatroyd and all. We knew you'd expect it! And no wonder."

What double-dutch was the girl talking, he wondered, suspecting that Mrs. Murgatroyd must have been indulging in one of her well-known patronising interferences with the lives of her pretty but less fortunate young neighbours. *What* had come? *What* would he expect? He took off his overcoat and hat and boots hurriedly—he hated mysteries, at all events in his own home—and went wonderingly into the half-lighted drawing-room. A delicate flavour of one of his own Russian cigarettes was the first unusual thing to strike him, the next . . . .

"Good God! Diana! It isn't. It can't be."

He stood utterly spell-bound, as in presence of a miracle. Diana his dutiful, economical wife, to whom he had made up his mind to be affectionate, was reclining on the ottoman attired in identically the same dress as that in which Cynthia had entranced him. . . . Not a detail was lacking: the same lines, the same transparencies, the same night-blue gown shot with silver and purple passion flowers, the same absurd sash, her neck encircled with the same narrow black ribbon, the same gold and silver shoes. Different only in that the simplicity of the jewels, which were her own, and that it was Diana's face and Diana's hair, his wife looked identically to him as had Cynthia on that night—transformed, magical, amazing.

"Diana, attired in identically the same dress as that in which Cynthia had entranced him"

So entranced was he that he was able only sub-consciously to guess what was the secret—how the self-same creation, the only one like it in Paris, had come across the sea to obscure Chilstone.

"You seem surprised?" she said. "Did you think I shouldn't wear it? At first I was furious at your sending it—it must have cost pounds. Mrs. Murgatroyd argued that I ought to put it on, just to see how I looked; but of course it will go back to-morrow. I shouldn't think of going to the *dance* in it. Oh, Ambrose, what *were* you thinking of? It was never *your* choice?"

But she could say no more. Her lips were sealed with the most surprising thoroughness. Just as he had fallen at Cynthia's feet, so now he fell at his wife's, kissed her mouth as passionately as ever he had her rival's, held her as tightly to him. It was long ere he drew back to put his hand to his fevered forehead to think, to realise to the full what had happened.

He had little doubt now of one thing, but burned to set what he had at rest. Quietly he slipped out of the room, and calling the giggling maid, he said:

"Where is the parcel it came in? Get it for me quietly."

The girl returned with it in an instant. He took it from her. One glance at the label was enough. The address of his wife, obtained no doubt from Lady Wivenhoe, was written in Cynthia's hand-writing. To make sure, he compared it with the envelope in his pocket. Then he understood. The sense of her letter came back to him. By parcel post, carriage paid, the captor of his love had sent to its lawful owner the snare by which she had lured him that he might be held henceforth against her . . . and Diana had been led to think that the gift was from himself. Must she remain thinking so? He thought it over as, sleepless himself, he held her sleeping form the night long. But grey morning was to bring grim solution.

With tea, the giggling maid brought a newspaper, which he opened as Diana poured out.

"Your tea, dear," she said.

His eyes were glued to the paper.

"Your tea, dear. Take it, quickly."

Still he appeared spell-bound.

"What's the matter? Has anything happened?"

"War in China, dear," he said, in tones of steel. But what his eye had seen was a little five-lined telegram from Biarritz headed:

MOTOR ACCIDENT IN THE PYRENEES

YOUNG ENGLISH LADY AND CHAUFFEUR KILLED

* * * * *

The dance at the Hall that night provided the local sensation of the year—the amazing dress worn by quiet little Di Comerford and the fact that her husband, just back from the Continent, looking bronzed but haggard and quite crazy, danced with her alone the whole evening.

OLGA SOMERVILLE

W. BILL LONDON W.

for genuine BRITISH-made CLOTHS

Wholesale, Retail, Export.

None but sound, irreproachable cloths of British origin are stocked; and these in immense quantities—of weights, qualities, and characteristics suited to all countries, climates, and purposes—my trade being world-wide. These can be tailored, if desired, by well-established firms in connection.

The following is a summary. The price varies with the weight, the cost of the wool, and the difficulty or ease of manufacture.

Irish Tweeds for hard, rough wear.	Suit length, **19/3** to **27/6**
Friezes for great coats and motoring.	Ulster length, **24/-** to **35/-**
Scotch Cheviots for warm, useful suits.	Length, **22/6** to **30/-**
Homespuns for sport and lounge wear.	Suit length, **15/-** to **33/3**
Heavy Tweeds for cold climates.	Suit length, **24/-** to **29/9**
Superfine Flannels & Cashmeres for the tropics.	Suit length, **17/6** to **28/-**
Worsteds & Angolas for ordinary wear.	Suit length, **21/-** to **36/9**
Serges for yachting and general wear.	Suit length, **15/9** to **32/6**
Flannel Tweeds for semi-tropical wear.	Suit length, **14/-** to **21/-**
Costume Friezes, Tweeds, & Flannels.	Length, **14/8** to **33/9**
Travelling Rugs, Irish & Scotch.	**10/9** to **35/-**

PRICE LISTS and SAMPLES on application; but a visit to the warehouse whenever possible is strongly recommended; that is the proper manner to satisfy yourself of the bona-fides of a business and the integrity of the firm. Furthermore, it may, perhaps, open your eyes as to the benefit within your reach by direct contact with the merchant.

Further particulars of my unique business can be gleaned by reference to WHITAKER, page 111, POST OFFICE GUIDE, page I. A.B.C. GUIDE, page II. "TIMES," weekly edition. "WHO'S WHO." "DAILY MAIL" YEAR BOOK. BRITISH ALMANAC (Cover). HAZELLS ANNUAL, etc., etc.

Where all correspondence should be addressed—

31 & 29 GT. PORTLAND ST., W.

Branch: **93 New Bond St., London, W.**

T.A.: "SELFHELP, LONDON." Estd. over 60 years. Tel. GERRARD 8303.

THE WORLD-FAMED

ANGELUS

GRAND & UPRIGHT PLAYER PIANOS

As Supplied to His late Majesty King Edward VII

The Patented Expression Devices include:—

THE MELODAN which accentuates the Air or Theme.

THE PHRASING LEVER which controls every variation of Tempo.

THE ARTISTYLE, the simple but infallible guide to musical rendition.

The Angelus Player-Pianos comprise Grand and Upright Pianos of the most artistic character, and include the **Marshall and Rose, Brinsmead,** etc., etc.

THE SUPERB ENGLISH PIANO

Marshall & Rose

GRAND AND UPRIGHT

PIANOFORTES

FOR SPLENDOUR OF TONE & PERFECTLY RESPONSIVE TOUCH ARE UNRIVALLED.

THE PIANO WHICH INSPIRES

KINDLY CALL OR WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE N° 79

Sir Herbert Marshall & Sons Ltd

Dept. 79 Angelus Hall, Regent House.

233 Regent Street, London, W.

The "Intimate" Good Gift for the Little People. . . .

Only an uncle or aunt—a parent—some close relative or friend of the little ones—can properly present a child with the delightful and most "intimate" gift of a pair of shoes.

Only one who knows children and their ways can understand their delight at receiving—addressed to them—a new and charming pair of shoes. The real delight in this Gift has been proved by thousands of cases covered by our Xmastide trade of the past few years. If there is a child you know and love—let your gift be Footwear chosen from the "Phat-Pheet" Range.

We send these Christmas Gifts in special boxes of dainty design—appropriate to the Season and the Gift, and enclose a Gift-Card, with name of the Gift-Mother with a Story-Book and a Promise (of another).

The Phat-Pheet Range, with its perfect, natural shapes, its model for every age and purpose of Babyhood and Childhood—its certainties and refinements—lie behind the Gift. The Phat-Pheet Trade-mark tells that you have chosen the finest—the most perfect—Children's Footwear in the whole world.

No. 874 illustrates one of the hundreds of Phat-Pheet models. We call it the "Cromwell" Shoe. It is a Boy's Shoe made in Black Glacé and Patent Calf, Brown Calf, and White Suede. This is one of the most successful Shoes ever produced by Daniel Neal for the Young Boys' evening wear. We will send full particulars on request—meantime we quote POST FREE PRICES for Black Patent and Glacé: 7-7½, 6/6; 8-9, 7/-; 9½-11, 7/6; 11½-13, 8/3; 13½-2, 9/-.

No. 874

. . Write for the "Special Xmas Gift Booklet," which pictures and describes a number of Novel and Charming Shoes suitable for Gifts to Baby, Boy or Girl.

Write to Dept. 18, 126, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.

PHAT PHEET

Daniel Neal & SONS LIMITED

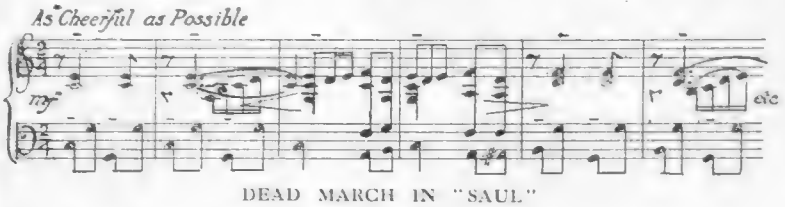
Convenient fitting rooms are at the above address and at 68-70, Edgware Road, W., and 123, High Street, Putney, S.W.

Rag-Time For All

A HINT TO CULTIVATED MUSICIANS WHO WANT TO BE POPULAR

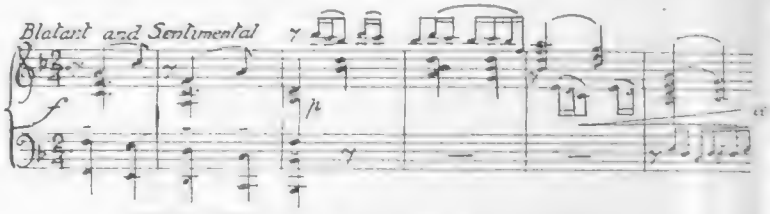
THE Editor said: "Be bright at all costs," which, when you come to think of it, is the proper motto for anybody who is concerned with Christmas festivities in any shape or form—particularly the "at all costs." So I have endeavoured not only to be bright myself—very bright—but to help other serious minded musicians to be bright too.

Of course no Christmas gathering is complete without a piano. So much we can take for granted. And where the piano is, there must the pianist be also, not to mention music for the pianist to perform. Now,

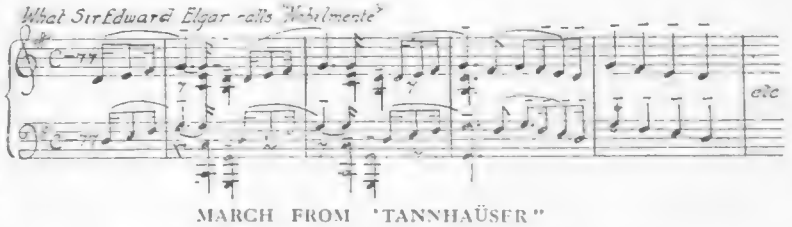


DEAD MARCH IN "SAUL"

from a large and varied experience of Christmas festivities, I have noticed one thing: Nobody is ever satisfied with the music. Somebody wants one thing, somebody particularly does not. The only thing on which everybody is agreed is in cursing the unfortunate



INTERMEZZO FROM "CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA"



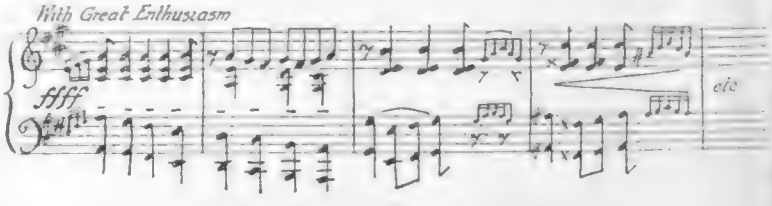
MARCH FROM "TANNHAÜSER"

pianist. But what can the poor man do? The new tunes at the various pantomimes are not known yet; the old ones are all stale. Unless he is very clever he cannot be expected to invent masterpieces of his own, and even if he does it is more than probable that his audience will think him conceited. Besides no ordinary person ever really likes tunes he or she has not heard at least half-a-dozen times before, much less the original compositions of friends.

So, for charity's sake, I thought I might add to the gaiety of the season and the popularity of the musician by suggesting a novel method of procedure to the latter. He will, for this Christmas at any rate, be expected to play rag-times as a matter of course. Why not enlarge his repertory almost indefinitely? Hitherto rag-times have only appealed to the less musical of his companions. He shall, henceforward, please them all.

With this object in view, I have taken four well-known tunes, calculated to appeal to the most widely different tastes and indicated how they may be adopted to the popular musical terminology of the day. Indeed there is something for everybody; for the lovers of Wagner, for the lovers of Italian opera, for those who are partial to hymn-tunes written by the late Arthur Sullivan, even for lovers of Händel who have lately suffered a bereavement in the family. I regret exceedingly only having been able to give the first few bars in each case, but given this indication any competent musician should be able to make up the rest for himself, even to extend his ravages to other composers. And, of course, you ought to have a competent musician to play for you at Christmas-time just as you ought to have a competent cook and a competent butler.

People are so silly about this. They think that there is something gloomy about a real musician, while the truth is, of course, that the more real the musician the more, not the less, likely is he to be willing to frivol on the proper occasions. And, if he does, he naturally frivols better than anybody else, for he has all the technical tricks. Not all the articles in Grove's dictionary can make the learned pedant,



"ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS"

not all the sentiment can make the ballad-loving amateur play with that rhythm and feeling for accent which is necessary to gaiety in general and dance-music in particular. Only the real musician can do this. Indeed, it is not a bad test of musicianship.

Needless to say, these efforts are intended to supplement rather than supersede the favourites of the barrel-organ. The musician can still play "Snookey-Ookums" and "The Mysterious Rag" and even "Dixie" if you like, though I fear the last seems to have got terribly mixed up with the March in Tannhaüser. Lastly, I would remind the musician that he is helping, in playing these masterpieces, a great cause we all hear so much about now-a-days. For is he not, in his own little way, assisting in bringing music into the homes of the people?

F. T.

A most acceptable Xmas Present.

"EXQUISITE."

GRANDE

CHARTREUSE

LIQUEUR

GREEN AND YELLOW

MADE BY THE MONKS

"STANNOS" ELECTRIC WIRING

FEATHERS HOTEL, LEDBURY.
Wiring Contractors: CECIL HODGES & CO., Ltd.
Electrical Works, Ledbury Pavement, E.C.

"Stannos" Wire is an ideal wire for Electric Lighting, Power, Heating and Cooking, since it is

Water-tight
Unobtrusive
Inexpensive
Durable
Neat

and can be installed

without disturbance to Decorations.

These advantages render the "Stannos" System of electric wiring neater, more fool-proof, and safer than any other system.

Full particulars and descriptive pamphlet
from your nearest Electrical Contractor;
or from SIEMENS BROTHERS & CO. Ltd., WOOLWICH, S.E.

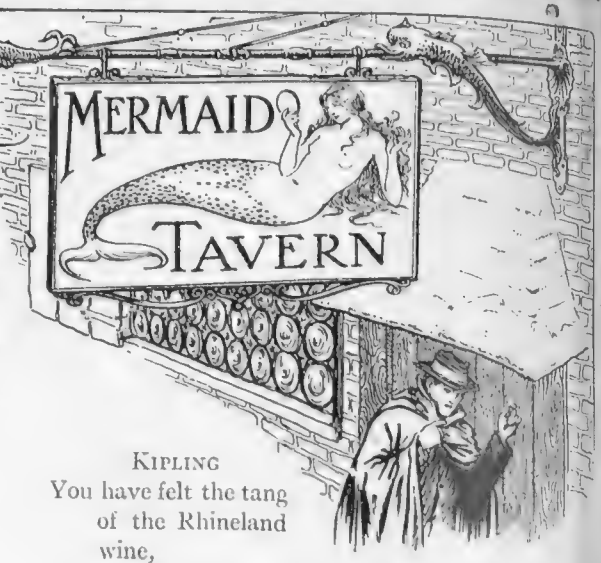
ESTD 1845

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE EFFECTED.
Representatives in all parts of the World.

HEAD OFFICES
LIVERPOOL 1. North John St. LONDON 24-28. Lombard St.

Christmas at the Mermaid Tavern



With apologies to Mr. Alfred Noyes and others.

It will be remembered that, according to the old carol, King Wenceslas espied a poor man in the snow and bade his page accompany him with food. When, owing to the cold and darkness, the page grew faint, he was told to tread in his masters' footsteps and found that warmth was miraculously given forth by them. H. W.

ALFRED NOYES

'Twas Christmas night, within a narrow street
I stood and knocked upon an old inn door,
Above the hoots of taxis came the sound
Of Noyes within, and mirth, and deep voiced song.

JOHN MASEFIELD

Chorus.

Oh, some are fond of white wine, and some are fond of red,
And some are fond of Eustace Miles, and nuts, and Standard Bread,
But I'm for mutton parsty, though Nan says 'ow it's dead.
Sing the bold bold poets at the Mermaid.

I entered into the Mermaid, 'mid the smoke,
I heard them toss the Chrysomelan names
From mouth to mouth, Bridges and Kipling, Yeats,
John Masefield, William Watson, Davies too.
The super tramp, they made their dinner there.

ROBERT BRIDGES

Whither, O splendid turkey, the great knife gliding,
Carving across thy bosom (it is tough with age)?
I watch the gravy unerringly while thou'rt sliding,
Whither away, fair gobbler, and where's thy sage?
Ah! soon when dinner is over, thy bones bare,
And stock for consommé to-morrow, obtained by boiling,
Wilt thou give me thy chaplet of holly to wear
On my laureate brows, a reward for the carver's toiling?

WILLIAM WATSON

Let me come forth and share
The over flowing fun
With one mince pie, and one
Hand in the pudding's flare,
Where the brandy burns, or dip
In the big snapdragon dish
My thumb, or at least my finger tip
For a raisin, the while I wish.

W. H. DAVIES

Ah, I can sleep when toilers fail,
For with the poets I'm at meat,
I feed no body but my own,
And tramps gets lots of food to eat.
This is a jolly life I lead,
To do no work and get my need.

KIPLING

You have felt the tang of the Rhineland wine,
And the fizz of the French champagne,
You have heard the song—how strong! how strong!
Now draw me some ale again.

Ha' done with the wines o' Xeres, lads,
We'll drink the evening through,
And it's time t. turn to the old ale, our own ale, home brewed ale,
Pull down the handle for strong ale, the ale that is always new.

W. B. YEATS.

All the port that I'm drinking,
And all the nuts that I crack,
Must greatly disturb my thinking,
And lay me at length on my back.
Till I sink where your great big feet are
And sing to you on the ground
Below, while the waiters are moving
The cloth, and at last I'm found.

Chorus.

Oh, some are fond of white wine and some are fond of red, etc., etc.

HARFORD WORLOCK.

AN IMPROMPTU CLOTHES-LINE By G. A. Dorp

Getting a Car?

How about Arrol-Johnstons?

CARS of a first-quality engineering reputation, built in the finest works of to-day, and offered at cheap-car prices!

20·9 h.p.

Fitted with 4-cylinder Engine, 5-seated Body, Detachable Steel Wheels, Spare, 820 x 120 mm. Dunlops, Electric Engine Starter, Electric Headlights, Oil Lamps, Cape Cart Hood, Folding Screen, Horn, etc.

£425

15·9 h.p.

Fitted with 4-cylinder Engine, 4-seated Body, Detachable Steel Wheels, Spare, 815 x 105 mm. Dunlops, Electric Engine Starter, Electric Headlights, Oil Lamps, Cape Cart Hood, Folding Screen, Horn, etc.

£360

11·9 h.p.

Fitted with 4-cylinder Engine, 4-seated Body, Detachable Wheels, with Spare, 760 x 90 mm. Dunlops, Acetylene Headlights, Oil Lamps, Cape Cart Hood, Folding Screen, Horn, etc.

£285

ARROL-JOHNSTON, Limited, DUMFRIES.

150 Agents.

Xmas Gifts

A few timely suggestions from

Peter Robinson's

Oxford Street, London, W.

WITH the approach of Yule-tide one's thoughts naturally turn to the purchasing of Xmas Gifts for friends at Home and Abroad, a pleasurable occupation, but one that often offers difficulty in the matter of selecting suitable articles. Let Peter Robinson's help you this time with the Xmas Present problem—their splendid assortments of Gift-goods afford innumerable suggestions in articles suitable for Yuletide offerings—everyone, young and old, being amply provided for.

Elegant Silver-plated Afternoon Tea Set, on Tray complete, size of Tray 15 by 6¾ inches **£2 10 0**

Silver Manicure Set.
5 pieces. **21/-**
7 .. **32/6**

Dainty Watch Bracelet—silver—with enamelled bezel in colours—lever movement **35/-**
Gold ditto **67/6**

Lady's Real Morocco Dressing Case, size 16 by 12½ by 6 inches, elegant silver fittings, as illustrated
£5 12 6

PETER ROBINSON, Ltd.

The Spectre of Yesterday—

AND THE SPIRIT OF TO-DAY

BY HAROLD C. EARNSHAW

We're all pleased!

IT gives equal delight to pater, mater and the kiddies—*something for everyone!*
Prices from £4 to £50

You can search the wide world over and not find another gift that will bring so much pleasure to every member of the family as

"His Master's Voice"
GRAMOPHONE

The Cabinet Grand illustrated is magnificent in tone, reproduction and workmanship. Other Cabinet Grands, £20 £25, £30, £35

Remember—it brings Opera, Concert, Dance-Hall, Music-Hall—everything in entertainment—right to the home—from Melba and Caruso to Lauder and Robey

FREE RECITALS at all Accredited Dealers

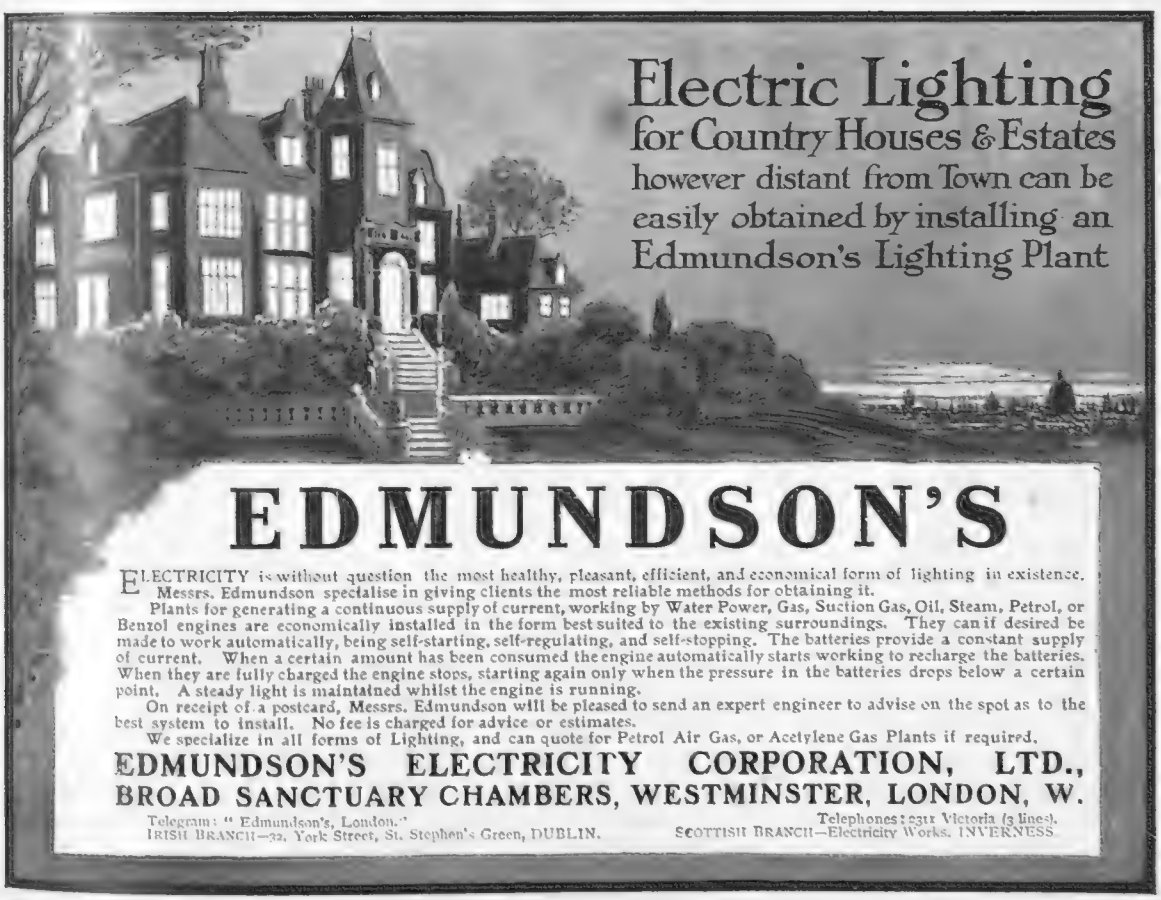
Write for Illustrated Catalogue

Gramophone Company Ltd 21 City Road London EC

Model XIV
Circassian Walnut
Price £50
In Mahogany
Price £40

Height 4 ft. 1½ in.

Please every member of the family and give "His Master's Voice" Gramophone



Electric Lighting
for Country Houses & Estates
however distant from Town can be easily obtained by installing an Edmundson's Lighting Plant

EDMUNDSON'S

ELECTRICITY is without question the most healthy, pleasant, efficient, and economical form of lighting in existence. Messrs. Edmundson specialise in giving clients the most reliable methods for obtaining it.

Plants for generating a continuous supply of current, working by Water Power, Gas, Suction Gas, Oil, Steam, Petrol, or Benzol engines are economically installed in the form best suited to the existing surroundings. They can if desired be made to work automatically, being self-starting, self-regulating, and self-stopping. The batteries provide a constant supply of current. When a certain amount has been consumed the engine automatically starts working to recharge the batteries. When they are fully charged the engine stops, starting again only when the pressure in the batteries drops below a certain point. A steady light is maintained whilst the engine is running.

On receipt of a postcard, Messrs. Edmundson will be pleased to send an expert engineer to advise on the spot as to the best system to install. No fee is charged for advice or estimates.

We specialize in all forms of Lighting, and can quote for Petrol Air Gas, or Acetylene Gas Plants if required.

EDMUNDSON'S ELECTRICITY CORPORATION, LTD.,
BROAD SANCTUARY CHAMBERS, WESTMINSTER, LONDON, W.

Telegrams: "Edmundson's, London." Telephones: 6311 Victoria (3 lines).
IRISH BRANCH—32, York Street, St. Stephen's Green, DUBLIN. SCOTTISH BRANCH—Electricity Works, INVERNESS.

"CHAPTER NINETY-NINE"

A CONFESSION: BY OUR OWN FEUILLETONIST

By ROBERT BOYLE

"*CHAPTER Ninety-nine.*" I wrote these words at the head of my foolscap sheet without enthusiasm, and for some while afterwards scrutinized them unintelligently.

"Chapter ninety-nine." I repeated to myself with a sigh, "—and one more to go!" There was hope in this last, at any rate, but not enough to start the glib words flowing from brain to pen; and as the Great British Public waited for my Editor (who waited for me) so waited I for my Muse, and she, staunch little chum that she had been through all the long chapters gone by, was having, as I slowly began to realise, her Sunday out.

"Besides," I said aloud in defence of the absent lady, "what could she do, even if she were here? She, or anyone else either?" She and I had said, as digressively as we were able, positively all there was to be said about "Hearts and Prisons" in our first thirty chapters, and I could not doubt that she shared the loathing I felt for Lord Claude Casters, Sir Albert Remain, the supremely idiotic Lady Gwendoline Dainty—Haggerston Horrid, and the rest of that motley crowd of suburbans who, in our pages, passed as the Aristocracy. Nevertheless, it was heartless of her to leave me alone with the frightful mess representing chapter ninety-eight—more especially as the greater part of it was of her contriving. Unaided, how was I—a mere feuilleton machine—to get Albert out of Dartmoor, to prove Claude unworthy of Gwendoline, and to give Haggerston his deserts? And what on earth was I to do with Gwendoline's old father? Single-handed, how was I of all people to rescue the family jewels, when I didn't even know whose was the black, shadowy figure that had crept away with them on the night of chapter four?

I glanced at the clock—nearly twelve, and we go to press on Monday, yet still I toyed with my pen; still I conscientiously remembered that ninety-eight had ended with the beginning of a Swiss precipice, and that, therefore, ninety-nine should begin with the end of a long rope.

The clock struck; I ruffled my hair, took a pull at the beer, flung conscience to the winds, and started, with a masterly effort to subjugate my feelings of boredom and cynicism.

"*It was Easter, but with the customary fickleness of the English climate snow fell upon the ground from above.* (I paused and crossed out the two last words as unnecessary.) *A howling blizzard shrieked round Dalton Burrows, the ancient home of the Daintys, making the deuce of a shindy among the chimney-pots, which ever and anon crashed down into the enormously long carriage drive, leading to (and from) the baronial porch. The wind howled its dismal note of disaster and despair at the back door, and having at last gained for itself admittance, came rushing up the three steps leading from the scullery, leapt the kitchen table at a bound, burst the kitchen door from its hinges, and tore with harsh laughter through the catacomb-like passages of the old mansion. Savagely this terrific wind I've been speaking about wrenched at all the doors it passed in its breakneck career, shaking them as a dog shakes a rat (or very much in that way), and the floorcloth in all the bedrooms arose in billowy heaps, loudly crying 'B-r-r-r-wap-wap-wap!' as floorcloth will on such a night as this if it is insufficiently nailed down.*"

"Ah, Muse, Muse!" I thought, my pen scratching rapidly, "you have returned! I knew you would not forsake me at the ninety-ninth instalment!"

I had not read what I had written, but it seemed to me that a delightful atmosphere of misery had been accomplished, and I resumed:

MORE THAN MIXED METAPHOR

LADY: "What a dear little puppy, Alfie!"
ALFIE: "Yes, mum: 'e laid it—'e laid four"

By ARTHUR WATTS

(All rights strictly reserved)

(Continued on page 70)

A High Class Turf Accountancy.

The HOUSE of GANT

RELIABILITY STABILITY

ACCURACY CONFIDENCE

ESTABLISHED 22 YEARS.

Not here To-day and gone To-morrow.

NO LIMIT!

Coupled with the most generous Turf Accountancy Terms extant.—Vide Press.

☛ **CHEQUES** with Detailed Statement posted Sunday Clients receive both on Monday morning.

☛ **Unvarying Courtesy** Weekly Accounts arranged expeditiously, and without any troublesome formula.

☛ **NO LIMIT S.P.** on any race to win. FULL ODDS paid should they reach or exceed 200 to 1.

☛ **Place Betting** even when the favourite starts "Odds on."

☛ **No Deductions** of any kind whatsoever.

☛ **Future Events** "Sportsman's" prices guaranteed. FULL MULTIPLIED ODDS for Double Events.

☛ **PRIVACY** is strictly observed in every detail. Cheques to Clients are signed in an assumed name, and noms-de-plume registered for the signature of telegrams.

WRITE (giving particulars of your requirements) to

DANIEL M. GANT,

41, New Bond Street, London, W.

NO LIMIT. | **NO LIMIT.**

(CHAPTER NINETY-NINE—Continued from page 68)

"*Free of the house, this awful gale fled shrieking across the Surrey moorlands, slinging the snow about to a shocking extent, uprooting trees, and—and doing simply everything it could think of.*"

At this point I read over, and having substituted Axminster carpets for "floorcloth," settled down once more, as yet unaware of the trick my lassitude was playing me, though I must admit I experienced a growing sense of misgiving. It seemed to read all right, so now—— How to go on? Teh! Ha!

"*In the huge billiard-room, which was so large that the priceless wall decorations clattered in a continual draught, and were always in danger of jibbing off their none too secure nails, sat Lady Gwendoline, listening to the wind as it screeched through the broken window (see Chap. VIII.). The embers burned low in the genuine Jacobean fireplace, and at the edge of the table stood the hall-marked silver dinner plate, on which reposed the remains of her frugal lunch. The glass in the eighteen carat overmantel was shattered (Chap. XXI.), and Sir Albert's detachable cuffs still stood on the sideboard where he had left them (Chap. V.). All—all was desolate. . . . And upstairs her father lay dying.*"

This was one of those unadulterated strokes of pure genius which come only to the man who hurries, for it disposed of the Earl and struck a sombre note at one and the same time. And yet, as I glanced over it, the sentence did not impart the thrill I had anticipated, and I was obliged to go back and underline it.

"*And upstairs her father lay dying. . . .*"

I took another pull at the beer, but still no warm glow of inspiration overcame me.

"LUCKY OLD MAN!"

In these three words my whole soul found a vent for its mirth, its venom, and its dejection, but after a brief enjoyment of their inapt fitness I was obliged to erase them, taking myself severely to task meanwhile.

"No; shut it!" I said. "This won't do at all. Now come"—coaxingly—"what happened next?"

"*Gwendoline rang the bell.*" This seemed safe, at all events, if not astonishingly productive, and I was satisfied inasmuch as my pen was presently flying along in grand style.

"'*James,*' *she said as soon as the old family butler entered, touching his forelock,* '*what do you mean by letting the fire down?*'

"'*Beg pardon, missy, but this bein' chap*——'

"'*Don't answer me, varlet,*' *hissed Gwendoline in the tone she usually adopted in thrilling chapters like seventy-five.*

"*James hastened to the coal-box, but as he advanced he fell headlong over the expensive hearth-rug.*

"'*You mus' 'scuse me,*' *he said dreamily,* '*but bein', as I say, chap' nine'-nine, me an' Will'm's been finishing up th'odz'nens in th' pantry. We*——'"

Perhaps my horror may be imagined when I read this latest skittish travesty of which I had been guilty. Despair overwhelmed me. Something must be done. . . . Suddenly a door banged, and I gripped my pen again.

"*Gwendoline gave a scream of alarm as the area door banged.*" Oh, heavens, why could I not be serious? Area door, indeed! "Massive portal" were obviously the right words. "*Rising from the luxurious lounge chair, superb in her black satin evening gown, which only served to accentuate the beauty of the Koh-i-noors with which her dazzling white arms were embraceleted, she raised her exquisitely enringed fingers to her hair, but dropped her hands hurriedly as footsteps resounded across the hall.*"

The right path at last! This was good. Now we were indeed all right. But stay—what devil possessed me? "Embraceleted" was distinctly toney, but one can indulge too freely even in trick words, and I hastened to make the requisite alteration. And I decided to generalise to the extent of substituting "diamonds" for "Koh-i-noors." Then, taking out lunch and bringing in dinner (to go with the black satin) I essayed to get along with the tragedy.

"'*He is come—he is come!*' *she sobbed.*" Oh, dash the woman, but never mind. "*The door opened and a man entered.*

"'*You, Claude!*' *she gasped, staggering back, her dainty patent leather shoes* (my patrons dote on patent leather) *peeping out from beneath her costly draperies.* '*You here? How dare you, of all men, come to me at this hour? You,* '*who know the calamity which has entered our house! You, who were instrumental in bringing about the ruin that overshadows our lives! Have you come once more to press your unwelcome suit?*

"*Lord Claude drew himself up to the full of his manly height.* '*I have a valet,*' *he said acidly through his clenched false teeth.* '*But, Lady Gwendoline, let us come to the point at once. And as for*

(Continued on page 72)

ROUGH LUCK

FATHER: "What on earth's the matter now?"
HIS DAUGHTER: "Mother's made me wear a bobble skirt just as Bobbie was teaching me to do the "splits'"

By D. FRANCES WOOD

The YEAR BOOK
of the
PUBLIC SCHOOLS
ALPINE SPORTS CLUB

The YEAR BOOK (208 pages, red cloth, fully illustrated) with articles specially written for this issue by Edgar Syers, Bertram Smith, and other experts on MURREN, WENGEN, MONTANA, LENZERHEIDE, VILLARS, OBLADIS (Tyrol) and other centres of the Club, and full particulars, may be obtained from THE HON. E. C. PERY, Assistant Secretary, 3, Upper Woburn Place, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.

To the HON. E. C. PERY,
PUBLIC SCHOOLS ALPINE SPORTS CLUB,
3, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.

Please send the Year Book mentioned in "The Bystander" for November 15. I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

D. H. EVANS & CO.

A USEFUL GIFT.

OUR TYROLEAN BEAVER HAT.
ADAPTABLE, COMFORTABLE, SMART.

In Black and 60 Colours. Two Sizes.

Price **15/11**

290 to 322, OXFORD STREET, W.

ONLY ONE ADDRESS. NO BRANCHES ANYWHERE.

Carriage Paid throughout the United Kingdom.

35/-

Camera complete with 6 slides (*case extra*) By the makers of the famous Verascope

As fine a Christmas Gift as you could choose

IT does not matter what instrument an amateur photographer uses, he always longs for a stereoscopic camera as well. Plate or film cameras are excellent in their way, but with a stereoscopic camera so much more can be accomplished.

The Glyphoscope

THIS excellent stereoscopic camera, with six slides and stereoscope for viewing the pictures, is most excellent value at the price of 35s. The Glyphoscope is the *only* camera at a moderate price which makes beautiful stereoscopic pictures, in which every object and detail stands out in vivid, natural relief. Everyone is charmed with its beautiful work.

Give a Glyphoscope and you will be delighted with the warm appreciation it receives.

Write for our Catalogue No. 3, or call and see the Glyphoscope and its wonderful work at our Showrooms

JULES RICHARD

27 New Bond Street, London, W

(CHAPTER NINETY-NINE—Continued from page 70)

the ruin that surrounds you,' he burst out, 'did I break the platinum tea set? Did I smash the sideboard door? Was it me they threw out of the window? No! No! It Sir Elbert every time! (This was a curious mixture of my devil and myself, and I began to wonder who would win the sentence.) *Elbert! Elbert! Elbert! So there, you hussy! And I've come to say I've had enough! Once and for all I've done with you and the Aristocracy—all is over between us! This is chapter ninety-nine, and I've had all I can take! I won't stay another single column, and I'm goin' to 'op it back to Clapham! I ain't suited to the job! I——'*

"'Sir Claude!'"

The words rang out in a sharp staccato. "'What are you saying? Can it be true that your love for me has died?'" She laid herself artistically on the sofa.

"''Nuff said!' interrupted Lord Claude Casters. 'I loved you right enough up to Chapter Eight, but you spurned me, and since that affair——'"

Merciful heaven! What was I writing? This was not what ought to have taken place—it was merely a muddle of what I felt. I looked it over, and a demon laugh gurgled in my throat.

"Suddenly another door banged." Ha-ha-ha! Yes, another bally door. *"And another silly ass of a man came in.*

"'Ullo, Alb,' 'ow goes it?' asked Sir Claude. 'Awright 'S'style!'

"'Kurr! I do not know you!' stammered Sir Albert Remain, taken aback, but remembering what was expected of him.

"'Albert!' Gwendoline's voice rose in a piercing squeal (she was going to stick it to the last), *and her ivory arms were stretched in supplication towards the young field marshal. 'This is Claude—but how changed. My God, how strangely changed!'"*

"'Ow Lawks!' giggled Albert.

"Gwendoline staggered back at these words," and for the first time in my life I began to appreciate her. Who would have thought that she, with her determination to be in the limelight right up to the very word "Conclusion" would be my salvation at this desperate point? But what was the poor girl to do with these two idiots saying the wrong thing each time? Their interest had flagged long ago—one could read that in their faces, yet I was powerless to check their hideous utterances, even had I realised them to the full. As it was, I sometimes saw that Chapter Ninety-nine was going all to pieces, and at others thought it was turning out quite well. Nevertheless I regretted Albert's last remark, and knowing the power of a title, did my best to rescue him.

"Sir Albert Remain stood before the Jacob—the fireplace, chewing the butt end of his cigar—well, he couldn't chew the hot bit, could he? *It was evident that he had something on his chest; he had the air of a man who has a message, of which, however disagreeable it be, duty demands the delivery.* (At this moment I remembered the wind and started it howling round the garden once again. . . . Ah. . . . Yes.)

"But all within the room were held silent and tense with a magnetic influence—the sinister dumbness of impending disaster held them speechless; the silence of death had laid a chill hand upon the household.

"'What is it?' whispered Gwendoline at last. 'I can bear this suspense no longer.'

(Continued on page 76)

Fine Diamond "Aberdeen" Scarf Pin,
£6 6 0

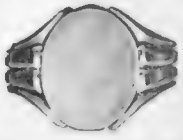
Fine quality Pearl, Diamond, and Enamel Pendant,
£5 10 0

By Appointment
Jewellers and Silversmiths to H.M. The King.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Fine quality Pearl, Diamond, and Tulle Bow Brooch,
£5 5 0

Fine quality Pearl and Diamond Earrings,
£8 10 0
per pair.



Solid 18-carat Gold Signet Ring,
£3 15 0

Selections on Approval Carriage Paid at Company's risk.

THE
Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd.

Illustrated Novelty List Sent Post Free on application.

Famous for
DESIGN QUALITY VALUE

Prices as low as consistent with the highest standards of value.

112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Radiant Beauty

The most renowned and successful Beauty Specialist in Europe is now in London, and is available for consultations daily.

Following are a few of the many defects which, by his new, scientific and exclusive methods, can be permanently removed.

Ugly Frown Furrows	Double Chin	Unrefined Complexion
Mouth-to-nose Lines	Flabby Neck	Prominent Collar Bones
Flabby Wrinkled Eyelids	Hollow Cheeks	Sagging Cheeks or Face
Warts, Veins, Moles	Imperfect Nose	Imperfect Facial Contour

No charge for consultation or advice.
Hours of attendance, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

C. H. WILLI, 475, Oxford St., London, W.
(One minute from Selfridge's or Marble Arch.)

COMFORT
ENSURED

BY INSTALLING THE

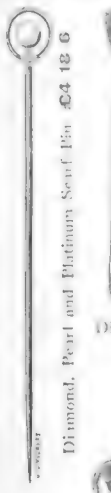
HEAPED
Bratt's **FIRE** Patent

FOR COAL OR GAS.

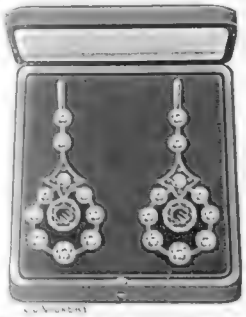
Sole Manufacturers:

Bratt, Colbran & Co., Ltd.,
10, Mortimer Street, W.

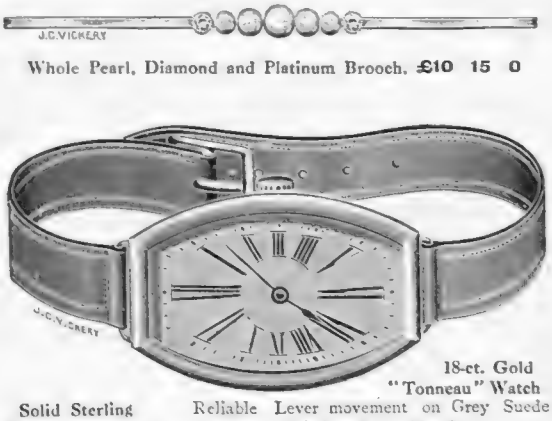
XMAS GIFTS



Diamond, Pearl and Platinum Scarf Pin £4 18 6



Diamond and Sapphire Earrings, **£16 10 0**



Whole Pearl, Diamond and Platinum Brooch, **£10 15 0**

18-ct. Gold "Tonneau" Watch
Reliable Lever movement on Grey Suede Wristlet, **£10 10 0**

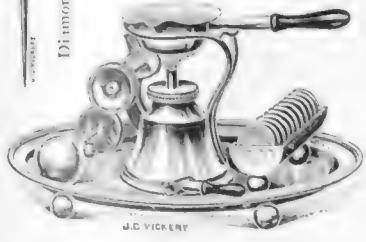
Diamond Fox Hound Safety Pin Brooch, **£5 5**

Good Luck.

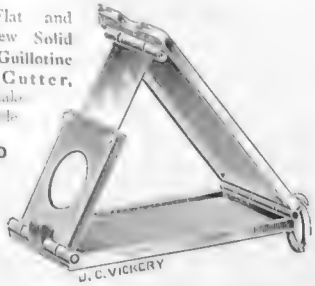
Lucky Four-Leaf Clover and Lady-Bird Pendant and Platinum Chain, **£2 18 6**

LUCKY 13.

Pearl and Diamond Lucky 13 Charm, **£4 15 0**



Solid Sterling Silver Sealing Set on Silver Tray, 5½ in. long, **£3 7 6**



Very Flat and quite new Solid Gold Guillotine Cigar Cutter, finest make possible **£4 4 0**

NOVELTIES for GIFTS in JEWELLERY, GOLD, SILVER, LEATHER GOODS, DRESSING CASES, &c.
INSPECTION INVITED.

J·C VICKERY
179·181·183 REGENT ST. LONDON W.
Their Majesties Jewellers Silversmiths & Dressing Case Manufacturers

D. H. EVANS & CO., LTD.

SILK UNDERWEAR.

Combinations, Vests, & Bodices.

The Renowned "KAYSER" Make, None Better

To every woman who revels in luxurious underwear, Italian Silk garments—after the first trial—become quite indispensable. Once worn, always worn.

Fully illustrated Catalogue of Woven Underwear post free on application.

No. 831 BK.—LADIES' ITALIAN SILK VESTS. In White, Sky, and Pink. Price **11/6**

No. 832 BK.—LADIES' ITALIAN SILK COMBINATIONS. White only. Price **21/-**

No. 886 BK. THE "PEERLESS." OUR SPECIALITY. LADIES' PLAIN PURE SILK HOSE. Embroidered Self-Clox. In Black, White, Tan, Bronze, and all the New and Leading Shades for the Season. Price **4/9**

Carriage Paid throughout the United Kingdom.

290 to 322, OXFORD STREET, W.

ONLY ONE ADDRESS. NO BRANCHES ANYWHERE.

UMBRELLAS

CROPS

BY APPOINTMENT

BRIGG & SONS

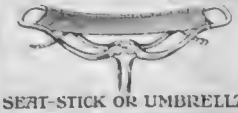
LONDON & PARIS

23, St James's St, S.W. 33 Avenue de l'Opera

SPECIALITE:—

"THE PERFECT"

(PATENTED)



SEAT-STICK OR UMBRELLA

SPORTING SEATS

WALKING CANES

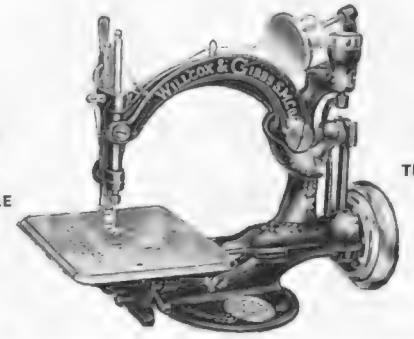
Willcox & Gibbs

"AUTOMATIC"

SILENT SEWING MACHINE

Far Excels All Others.

HAND OR TREADLE



FREE TRIAL AT HOME

AN ADMIRABLE XMAS PRESENT.

Easy to Work.
Elegant in Appearance.
Perfect in Construction.
Wonderfully Durable.
Produces Perfect Sewing.

WILLCOX & GIBBS S.M. Co., Ltd.

Chief Office: 20, Fore St., London, E.C.

Branches or Agents in most Towns. *Send for Catalogue.*

EVIAN-LES-BAINS

SAVOY, FRANCE.

The Watering Place for the refined. World-renowned as a cure for Gout, Neurasthenia, Kidney Disorders, and kindred ailments. The Thermal Establishment ranks among the first. Evian boasts of offering its visitors the most comfortable and luxurious accommodation in Europe.

Casino, Theatre, Tennis, Golf Links, &c.
Two trains de luxe daily from Paris.

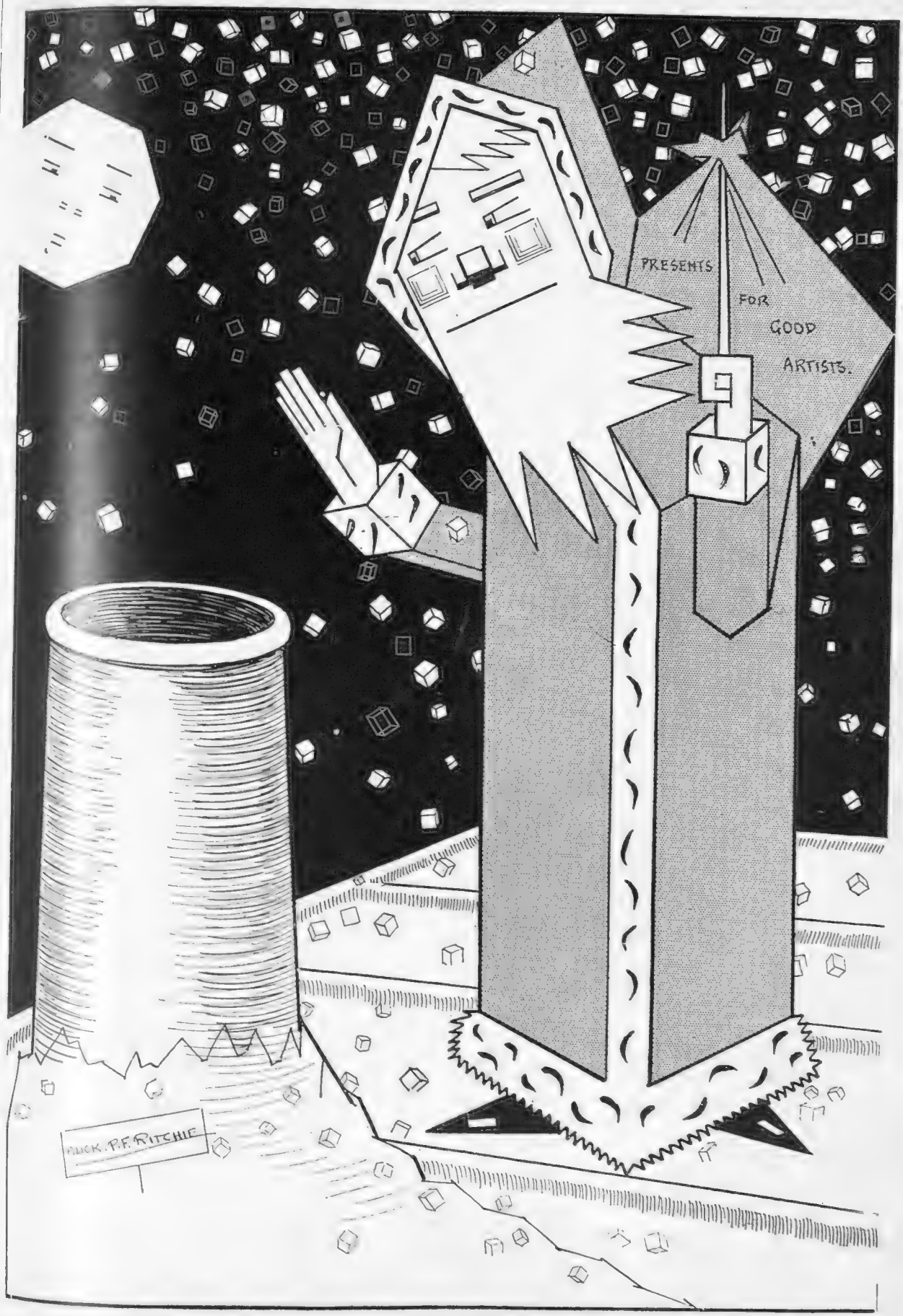
ROYAL HOTEL. A palace in its own park of 30 acres. 190 Suites with private bathrooms.

SPLENDIDE HOTEL. The home of comfort in its own park of 8 acres. Both Hotels are managed by The Carlton and Ritz Hotels of London.

The famous EVIAN-CACHAT Spring from which over **13,000,000** Bottles of NON-FIZZY water are annually exported to the aristocratic tables of the world.

EVIAN-CACHAT AGENCY,
165, Piccadilly, London, W.

Quite Impossible



OUR CUBIST ARTIST DISCOVERS FATHER CHRISTMAS, AS A SUBJECT FOR A PAGE DRAWING, TO BE A SQUARE PEG IN A ROUND HOLE

BY A. P. F. RITCHIE

(CHAPTER NINETY-NINE—Continued from page 72)

"Sir Albert's face grew a shade greyer, and removing Lady Gwendoline's neat footwear from the couch, he sat down beside her.

"'Gwendoline,' he began brokenly, the very depth of his tone imparting significance to the disclosure he was about to make. Gwennie,' he said, 'I have come back. To you I have returned, as everyone knew I must this week! I have been through much for your sweet sake—libelled—blackmailed—punched—pasted—imprisoned. But through all my sufferings I knew that you were ever true to me, and this certainty has brought with it countless pangs of regret. Through the long weeks your steadfast vision was ever by me, allowing no peace by day and no rest by night. But now I have come back to ask you—to let me off! Darling, it breaks my heart that we must henceforth take our several ways through life, for I am unworthy of you—at least, I hope I am! I know the blow it will be both to you and the public—yet I beseech you to relent! Spare me—and yourself, for the very thought of you makes me sick!' His manly voice was shaken by emotion.

"Lady Gwendoline arose from her seat, dumbfounded by the young admiral's words, and stared icily at him as he cowered before her flashing eyes.

"'Now, there's Claude,' went on Albert in a quavering voice, making a hopeless effort to propitiate her, but his words were drowned by the noisy ingress of none other than Haggerston Horrid. Despite the angry elements he was attired merely in his usual dress-suit, but his saturnine face was wreathed in smiles.

"'Hullo all!' he shouted breezily. 'You don't look very rosy, any of you—buck up, it's Chapter Ninety-Nine!' He banged two huge portmanteaux down on the table as he spoke. 'There's the jewels, Gwennie, old girl,' he went on. 'You know I don't want to be a pig, so you can have 'em back. Of course, Albert here was down to find and restore them, still, I thought if I popped in with 'em it 'ud save time. And, you chaps—I'm sorry. You've had a rough time, but I was hardly responsible, and I don't really bear you any ill-will. 'Fraid I can't stop—been in this rig-out for over eighteen months, and I want a change, and a drop of lime-juice, or any other drink that doesn't give me beans like that everlasting whiskey I've been doomed to. So long!'

"'Stop!' Gwendoline's voice rang through the marble halls. 'I don't want the jewels,' she said, drawing herself up in all her queenly beauty.

"'I can't help that,' replied Horrid, turning nasty and evincing a still more marked desire to be off. 'They needn't think they're going to nab me for Chapter One Hundred,' he muttered. 'I've done my bit.'

"'You're to take them away—they're all paste!' hissed Gwendoline."

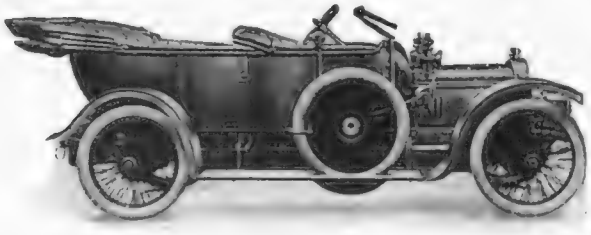
Haggerston's snake-like laugh sounded genuine for about the first time since I had known him, as he put his head once more inside the door and shouted:

"'Boooooooo! That's why I brought 'em back!'"

I did my best to stop him, but without success, and when I returned to the room the other two men had disappeared. Lady Gwendoline was alone—Gwendoline, who, with a woman's fickleness, had turned against me at the last moment and given the show away. I was alone with Gwendoline and Chapter One Hundred. Could I possibly put the butler under the pump and turn him into a long-lost peer's son, or must I re-write the number?

I went to bed.

ROBERT BOYLE



"I have not any hesitation in labelling it the Rolls-Royce of the 15 h.p. class; the difference between it and some other vehicles which have been likened to the Rolls-Royce is that the latter have no cause to deprecate the comparison."—*Motor News, March 29*, 1913.

STRAKER-SQUIRE

"The World's Best Fifteen."

Daily Graphic, 15/10/12.

15 H.P. **ONE MODEL CHASSIS ONLY suitable for all Types of Bodies.**

S. Straker & Squire, Ltd. (Pleasure Car Dept., 75, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.

"C & C" CANTRELL & COCHRANE'S GINGER ALE

It is easy to get just the right drink for children's parties—something pure and wholesome which all the grown-ups present will appreciate as much as the children do. It is "C. & C." Ginger Ale.

"C. & C." is made from the choicest spices and the purest spring water. Its flavour is delicious, and no beverage is more gratifying and refreshing.

Have it in your home this Christmas for your own use, and especially for the evenings when your children's little friends are with you.

Made by Cantrell & Cochrane, Ltd.
Works: Dublin & Belfast, Established 1852.
Depots: London, Liverpool, & Glasgow.

The above Photograph is of a

PLASTIC PICTURE

Framed and hung on the wall.

The Original is in Brilliantly Coloured Relief. They

ARE

Novel, Artistic, and EASY to make.
Clean, Bright, and Effective. . . . .
Fascinating Work for All. . . . .
Charming when Framed. . . . . .

THEY

Captivate Children as well as Artists.
Can be done in the Drawing-room. .

Complete Outfits for 6 Pictures and Plasticine in 10 Colours—Series 1, Dickens; 2, Historical; 3, Nursery.

Price, Post Free, **2/4**, *from*

HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE, Ltd., 70, Bathampton, Bath.

YARDLEY'S

ENCHANTRESS PERFUME

The Charm of this perfume is its wafting properties which cause everyone to exclaim—"What a lovely smell of flowers!" Its lasting and delicate fragrance is as delightful to the user as it is to those about her.

3/6D. Obtainable from all Perfumery dealers or from YARDLEY & CO. LTD., 8, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

Sample bottles sent free 6d. Mention Dept. 13.

Brighton Depot: HEWITT & SON, Chemists to the King.

Est. 1770

WE SAY!!!

TOM SMITH'S CRACKERS

ARE THE BEST.

CAUTION! SEE TOM SMITH'S NAME ON EVERY BOX.

FOR XMAS PRESENTS

ALLEN-BROWN'S

English Violet Preparations and Novelties

Direct from the Lovely Sussex Flower Gardens.

PRETTY HANGING SACHET ☛
Fragrant with the perfume of English Violets. Size of Bags, 3 by 1¾ in., **2/9, 3/9, 5/3.**

PIN SACHET in Mauve Satin, size 7¼ by 5¾ in., **4/9** post free.

SLIP SACHETS in Mauve or White. Box of 1 dozen, **6/-** post free.

WEEK-END HANDKERCHIEF SACHET. Linen, **3/6**; Satin, **4/6.** Also **Corsage and Flat Sachets, Glove and Handkerchief Cases, Veil Rolls, &c.**

ENGLISH VIOLET PERFUME— has an indescribable sweetness of its own. Bottles, **1/9, 2/9, 5/3, 10/6,** post free.

PRETTY HAMPERS of English Violet Preparations and Novelties, **10/6** and **21/-** post free.

WRITE FOR DAINTY XMAS LIST.

MISSES ALLEN-BROWN, F.R.H.S.,
Violet Nurseries, Henfield, Sussex.

Useful Present much appreciated by gentlemen

BATH BOWLS filled with English Violet Soap with brush complete, **7/6** post free.

Christmas

Get TEN Onotos!

Let other people fret and waste time, and finally buy something because they feel they have to—and send it to somebody who wishes they hadn't!

You get TEN Onotos!

Why "Ten" if One is designed to last a life-time?

We say "ten" on the assumption that you have ten relatives and friends whom you wish to delight. Get three or thirty; the number is not vital. The selection of the right gift *is*, and the Onoto Dealer will change one Onoto for another if the nib selected should not suit.

The Onoto is the one really satisfactory self-filling fountain pen.

It fills itself instantly from any ink supply. It cleans itself in filling. It needs no "filler," and is in every way the simplest pen to use.

The Onoto cannot leak.

Because when closed it becomes a sealed tube and can be carried in any position.

GUARANTEE.—The Onoto is British made. It is designed to last a life-time; but if it should ever go wrong, the makers will immediately put it right—free of cost.

Price **10/6** and upwards of all Stationers, Jewellers and Stores. Booklet about the Onoto Pen free on application to THOMAS DE LA RUE & Co., Limited, 215, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

Ask for ONOTO INK. Best for all Pens.

Thomas De La Rue & Co Ltd
Bunhill Row London E.C.

Onoto Pen

AN IDEAL PRESENT FOR THE CHILDREN

IN

Richter's Anchor Blocks

Work and play are so cleverly combined that the children think they are playing all the time.

But all the time they are really learning—learning proportion and symmetry; developing good taste and discrimination; exercising individuality and ingenuity.

The parents, too, will find Richter's Anchor Blocks make a pleasant and stimulating form of relaxation.

Richter's Anchor Blocks are the world's great play-lessons; with them the simplest structures can be made, and with the addition of supplements the world's famous buildings can be reproduced.

Richter's Anchor Blocks are sold in boxes at **2/6, 5/-, 11/-, 17/-, 25/-, 43/-,** *up to* **220/-** *each, and whilst each box is complete in itself, you can at any time augment a box by buying its supplement. Other boxes to build bridges and houses,* **3/6, 6/-, 12/-, 19/-, 27/-, 45/-,** *and* **65/-** *each.*

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Anchor Blocks, write to

WILLIAM SEELIG & CO., 19, Fore Street, London, E.C.

Sole Agents for F. Ad. Richter & Co.

The Marathon Instrument has been developed from the point where others have left off:

MARATHON INSTRUMENTS AND RECORDS are years ahead in the science of Sound Reproduction. No longer is it a question of listening to a more or less faithful echo of the original performance. With the Marathon it is the real thing. All the tonal Beauty and every nuance or inflection of the original performance is faithfully preserved.

THE *Marathon* Booklet tells you all about the most Natural Instrument and Records. Sent free on receipt of postcard.

THE NATIONAL GRAMOPHONE COMPANY (1913), Ltd., 15-17, City Road, London, E.C.

LUNTIN MIXTURE

LUNTIN MIXTURE

is far superior to any mixture you have yet tried. It is a Scotch blending of many different kinds of choice tobaccos, and the result is a perfect pipe mixture that appeals irresistibly to the palate. Flavour — fragrance — fascination — all are combined in

LUNTIN MIXTURE

1 oz., 6d. 2 oz., 1/- ¼ lb. Tins, 2/-

From all good Tobacconists, or send 6 stamps for Sample Ounce to the Sole Manufacturers,

THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH.

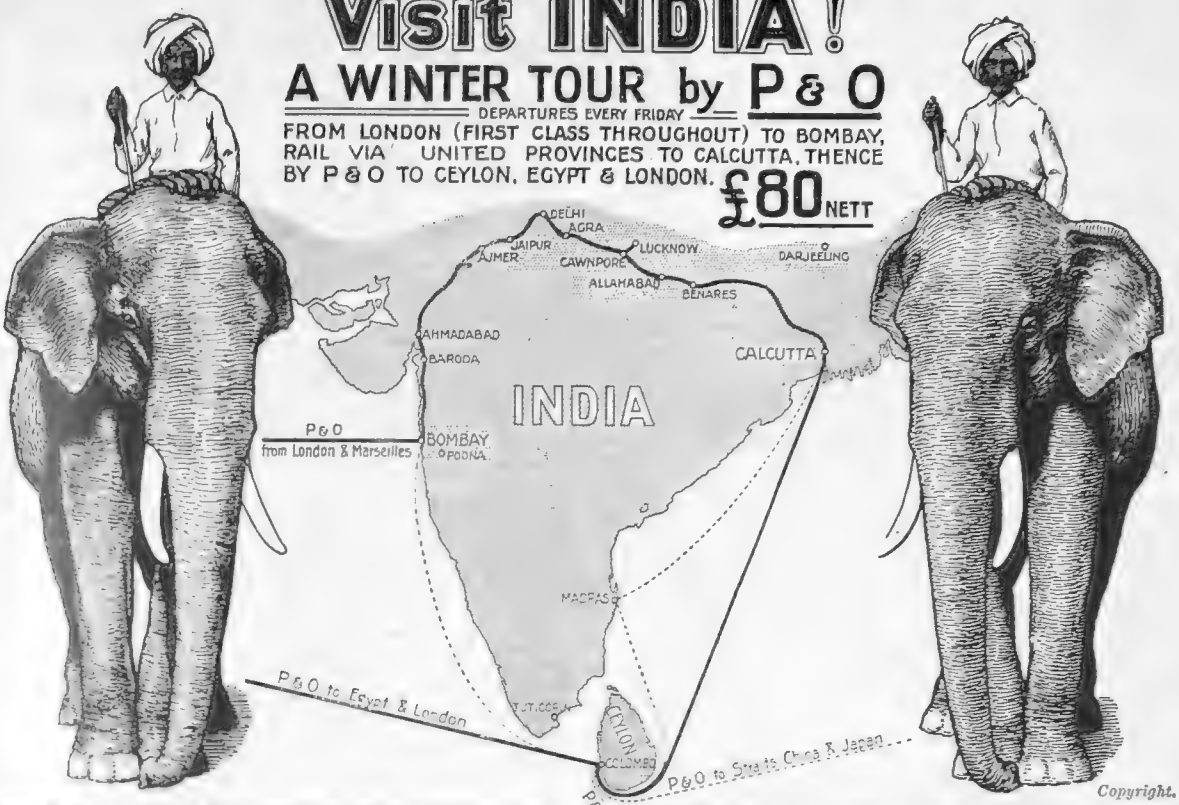
Visit INDIA!

A WINTER TOUR by P & O

DEPARTURES EVERY FRIDAY

FROM LONDON (FIRST CLASS THROUGHOUT) TO BOMBAY, RAIL VIA UNITED PROVINCES TO CALCUTTA, THENCE BY P & O TO CEYLON, EGYPT & LONDON.

£80 NETT



Copyright.

THE Season for a Tour through India extends from October to March. Indian railway travel is swift and comfortable. No man or woman of leisure can afford to ignore the claims of this most remarkable of Oriental countries: its history, its peoples, its cities, its religions, its scenery, and its architecture combine to give it a paramount claim upon the prospective traveller.

THIS Tour, allowing one month in India and two weeks in Ceylon, need occupy but little more than three months. For special Handbooks, "A Winter Tour: India, Ceylon, Egypt," and "P. & O. World-Tours," apply at the Offices, P. & O. Steam Navigation Co., 122, Leadenhall St., E.C., or Northumberland Av., W.C., London.

CRAMER PIANOS

THE BEST THAT EXPERIENCE CAN PRODUCE AT THE PRICE.

Upheld by testimony of leading musicians.

Percy Grainger says:—"Anyone cannot but be convinced of the advantages of the new Patent Sound Boards."

Leonard Borwick says:—"There can be no doubt as to the advantages of the new Patent Sound Board."

Mascagni says:—"The new Patent Model Sound Board is absolutely wonderful."

Leoncavallo says:—"These wonderful pianos-ortes have surprised and delighted me."

Send for illustrated Brochure to

J. B. CRAMER & CO., LTD.,

139, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.

HITCHINGS' LD

The "Princess Patricia" Carriage. (Reg. Design No. 476581)

The best are the cheapest in the long run. Buy a Hitchings' Baby Carriage in preference to any other, and you will obtain the best possible value for your money.

LONDON: 329-331, Oxford Street, W.
45, Knightsbridge, S.W.
LIVERPOOL: 74, Bold Street.
MANCHESTER: 69, Deansgate.
GLASGOW: 184, Sauchiehall Street.

"Barri" Maternity Gowns

Royal Letters Patent
(Unobtainable elsewhere.)

Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions, and is capable of the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening. Can be made without fitting. Many designs for Day or Evening Wear.

Smart Tailor Costume, carried out in a soft shade of purple whipcord, collar and cuffs of dead rose. Buffalo horn buttons.
Price 10½ guineas.

Smart Gown of fine blue serge, with pipings of shot silk. The neck and wrists finished with frills of fine white lawn.
Price 9 guineas.

For Catalogue apply to

Barri,

72, BAKER STREET,
LONDON, W.

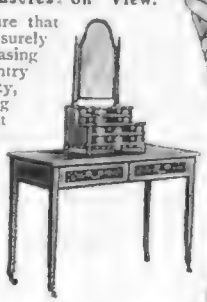
MATERNITY CORSETS & LAYETTES A SPECIALITY.

FREE MONTHLY BARGAIN LIST OF

HIGH-GRADE SECONDHAND FURNITURE

For CASH or on EASY TERMS.
Half the Cost and Double the Wear of Cheap New Goods.
Come and see the Treasures on View.

To possess a piece of furniture that would grace the grandest salon is surely an ideal desire. JELKS', by purchasing the contents of town and country mansions, afford you this opportunity, and whether it be a dainty dressing table, a dining table, or a magnificent sideboard, you will for certain find that JELKS' can satisfy your need. The finest collection of second-hand furniture in the world at the most reasonable prices. Thousands of bargains are embodied in their wonderfully comprehensive monthly **Bargain List**, which will be sent **free** on application.



W. JELKS & SONS, (Estd. over 50 years.)
263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, **HOLLOWAY RD.,** London, N.

FREE

Free Monthly Bargain List

Depositories: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 Eden Grove (adjoining)
'Phones: 2598 & 2599 North: 7826 Central.
Tel.: "Jellico, London."
Removal Contractors. (Estimates Free).
Good Class Secondhand Furniture bought for Cash.

By Appointment to H.M. The King. By Appointment to H.M. Queen Alexandra.

SANITARY

RONUK POLISH

Awarded Gold Medal at XVIII International Medical Congress Exhibition and Six Medals by the Royal Sanitary Institute, including the Highest and only Awards ever granted to a Polish.

Polishes, Preserves, and Purifies Furniture, Floors, Linoleum, &c.

In Tins, **3d., 6d., 1s.,** and **2s.** Everywhere.

"RONUK," LTD., PORTSLADE, BRIGHTON, SUSSEX.

London Depot: 16, South Molton Street, W.
Manchester Depot: 285, Deansgate.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA

for

ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, AND INDIGESTION.

SAFEST AND MOST EFFECTIVE APERIENT FOR REGULAR USE.

GOOD TAILORING
AT MODERATE PRICES

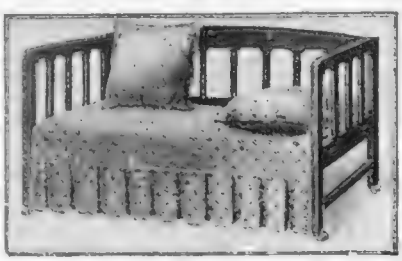
By giving close *personal* attention to his clients—a personal attention which is never relinquished right through the carrying out of all the orders he receives—Mr. Cubitt adds a touch of completeness to a Tailoring Service which is uncommonly good in Quality and which is unusual inasmuch as the prices charged are extremely moderate for High-Class West-End Tailoring. These special features of Mr. Cubitt's business are much appreciated by men who like good West-End Tailoring but who are not disposed to pay the somewhat extravagant prices usually charged.

	FROM
Lounge Suit	75/-
Overcoat	70/-
Dress Suit (Silk-lined)	120/-

B. Cubitt & Co
TAILORS & BREECHES MAKERS.
ESTABLISHED 1860
3 Hanover St. Regent St. London W.

SETTEE, LOUNGE, AND BED IN ONE

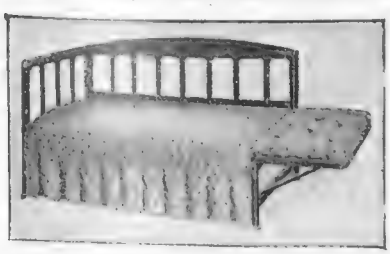
Instantly [illegible] ible into [illegible] Lounge o[illegible] and special [illegible] signed with [illegible] to fitting any [illegible] but can be [illegible] diately exte[illegible] full-length [illegible] The very th[illegible] emergency [illegible]



THE
"BOWMAL" IMPROVED BED SETTEE

Stock Size, 2ft. 3in. by 5ft., extending to 2ft. 3in. by 6ft. 6in.

Made in well-seasoned fumed oak, with hinged back and extending foot, thoroughly well upholstered box spring seat with valance, two pillows filled Kapok, and buttoned cushion for use on extension.



77/3
Also 6ft. long, but without drop end—box spring mattress
70/-
Ditto with loose mattress in cretonne
59/6
All Carriage Paid in Great Britain.
Write or call. Interesting Booklet free.

BOWEN & MALLON,
185-187, Finchley Road, London, N.W. 'Phone 1809 Hampstead.

The Home Beautiful

"THE HOME BEAUTIFUL" is the most artistic Book on Art Furnishing, published by WILLIAMSON & COLE, LTD. It is fully illustrated with coloured designs of exclusive Window Furnishings, Carpets, etc. Invaluable to all interested in the decoration of their Home.

Curtain & Loose Cover Specialists.

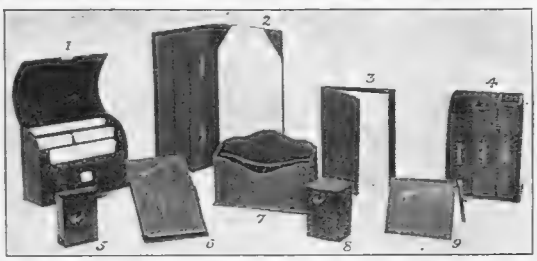
THE "RIVERSBY" CHAIR.
Perfect Upholstery.

THIS Chair is constructed on entirely new principles which are patented. The seat is in the form of two Loose Cushions, perfectly ventilated, consisting of a number of spiral springs, specially treated, upholstered in horsehair. Covered in a beautiful rich-cut velvet in chintz colourings at 11/9 per yd.

PRICE £7 19s. 6d.

This same Chair can be produced in cheaper coverings at proportionate prices. Many other shapes and designs.

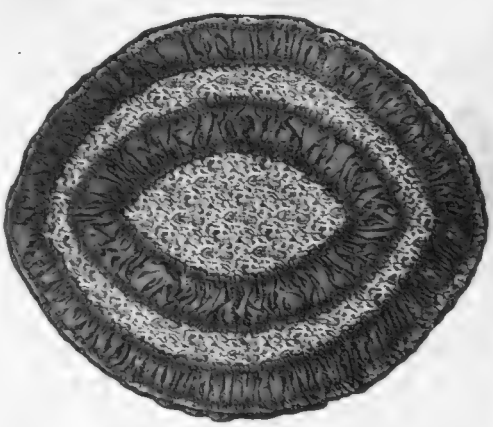
PRESENTS OF PARTICULAR CHARM & QUALITY.



The above articles are reproductions of Antique Morocco Leather in dull brown or dull green.

1. **STATIONERY CASE, 9/6** each.
2. **BLOTTING PAD** with divisions in cover for Stationery, Letters, etc. In three sizes, **5/6, 6/11,** and **9/11** each.
3. **BLOTTING BOOK.** In three sizes, **3/3, 3/11,** and **5/11** each.
4. **REFERENCE RACK** with covers for Bradshaw, Whitaker, and Postal Guide, **11/9** each.
5. **SINGLE PLAYING CARD CASE, 2/3** each.
6. **ENGAGEMENT PAD,** with pencil attached and daily memoranda. In three sizes, **2/6, 3/3,** and **4/6** each.
7. **LETTER RACK, 3/11** each.
8. **DOUBLE PLAYING CARD CASE, 2/11** each.
9. **TELEPHONE NOTES** with pencil attached, **1/11** each.

RUCHE PANEL CUSHION.



A very decorative artistic Cushion in Old English design in shades of blue, pink, and green, on white ground, with ruching of plain satin, filled Down. Size, 23 x 19 in. In all colours, 27/6

The above cushion is one of the many cushions that Williamson & Cole, Ltd., have on view in their Showrooms to select from, varying in price from 6/11 each.

Write for Williamson & Cole's 1913 Catalogue.

'Phone:—1820 BATTERSEA (3 lines). Tel.:—"GREATLY, LONDON."

Williamson & Cole Ltd
HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM, S.W.

SHOOLBRED'S

Men's Fur and Fur-lined GLOVES.

26.—Men's Electric Seal Gauntlets. Lined Fur 32/6

25.-Men's Musquash. Lined Wool 14/6

55.—Men's Electric Seal. Lined Wool. Elastic Wrists 10/6

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

1914 EDITION,

CONTAINING FOR THE FIRST TIME THE ISSUE OF KNIGHTS.

THE STANDARD PEERAGE VOLUME Published in Three Centuries.

With all New Honours.

DEBRETT'S

PEERAGE, (with Index to Courtesy Titles). 2,700 pp.

BARONETAGE, (with Index) Royal 8vo.

KNIGHTAGE, and

COMPANIONAGE;

Also an Appendix of Royal Warrant Holders

Clear, Accurate, & Easy of Reference — All Alphabetically Arranged — Illustrated with Armorial Bearings

A very mine of information (including addresses) regarding all living Titled Persons, and the Members of the Collateral Branches of all Peers and Baronets; also regarding Bishops, Privy Councillors, Knights and Companions of the various Orders, Precedency, Coronation Ceremony, Formal Modes of Address, &c.

Cloth gilt (Royal Edition), **31s. 6d.** net; or in 2 Vols., **16s. 6d.** net each. Limp morocco (Special Thin Paper Edition), half weight and thickness of Royal Edition, **50s.** net.

"Kissing don't last; Cookery do."—*George Meredith.*

Invaluable Books for Housekeepers.

The '365' Series of Cookery Books.

Size: 6 ins. by 4 ins. tastefully bound in red cloth,

1s.

net each.

1. 365 Breakfast Dishes
2. 365 Luncheon ,,
3. 365 Dinner ,,
4. 365 Dessert ,,
5. 365 Breads and Biscuits
6. 365 Cakes and Cookies
7. 365 Supper Dishes
8. 365 Dishes of all Nations
9. 365 Vegetarian Dishes
10. 365 Orange Dishes
11. 365 Dishes for Little Cooks
12. 365 Soups
13. 365 Salads and Savouries
14. 365 Chafing Dish Recipes
15. 365 Entrées

These handy little volumes provide dainty and appetising dishes for each meal for every day in the year. The recipes have been selected to suit the various seasons, and are thoroughly practical. They will be found of great assistance to those who have in charge the preparation of meals, and will be welcomed by all lovers of good cuisine. They contain just such information as will be helpful and invaluable to every householder.

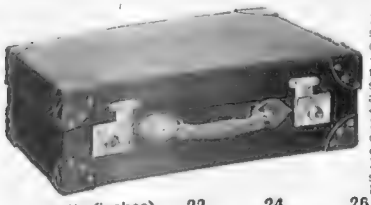
OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

London: DEAN & SON, Ltd., 160a, FLEET STREET, E.C.

At Xmas, for Gift and Travel, consider

Denty's TRUNKS BAGS & CASES Quality & Economy

Their variety is unequalled, their usefulness undeniable. There is a Trunk, Bag, or Case for every purpose, from world-tour to week-end, to carry full outfit or dress suit, to keep orderly collars, handkerchiefs, ties, trinketry, to carry music, papers, toilet requisites. Following are brief selections of special value.



SUIT CASES

No. 39. Of special quality and superb style, of selected stout cowhide leather, strongly hand-sewn, 8 large corner caps, solid nickelled rivets, double leather swing handle, 2 nickelled double-action lever locks, specially secure, lined dark green leather.
No. 40. Of the same special quality and pattern, but lined drill.
No. 40D. Bargain quality of the same pattern, but with brass locks and lined leather cloth.

Length (inches)	22	24	26	28	30
No. 39	61/6	67/6	73/6	79/6	85/6
„ 40	51/6	56/6	61/6	66/6	71/6
„ 40D	39/6	43/6	47/6	—	—

DRESSING CASES

with pockets adaptable to your own fittings.

In brown cowhide, with 2 nickelled double-action locks, corded lining and drawn pockets.

Length (ins.)	16	18	20
Width ..	12	13	14
Depth ..	6	6	6
Price ..	30/-	33/-	36/-

Size, 18 ins. Fitted with ebony brushes, mirror, nickelled top bottles, scissors, &c. .. 60/-

You are assured of reliability, for Denty's have been "Trunk Makers" since 1820.

Illustrated ... free.

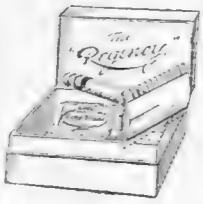
DENTY'S NEAR MARBLE ARCH **78-80 EDGWARE ROAD** LONDON, W. 'PHONE 4637 PADDINGTON

A MOST USEFUL PRESENT.

Worth **30/-**

The Regency No. 3 Safety Razor

in beautiful Sira-Morocco Case lined with purple velvet and containing Antiseptic Shaving Soap and Brush in elegant nickel case complete, post free



10/6

Money returned within seven days if not satisfied.

The Regency Co. (Dept. 3),
REGENCY HOUSE,
Warwick St., Regent St., London, W.

The RECIPIENT

of a charming Set of Furs as a Xmas Gift is certain to be delighted with them.

The idea is original, and the gift not likely to be duplicated.

By purchasing from

The Wholesale Fur Co.

you are assured of securing the best possible value for money.

The latest styles in Stoles and Muffs in all the smart Furs in wonderful variety,

from 6 to 50 Gns. the set.

SPECIAL LINES.

Full length Ponyskin Magyar Coats 7½ Gns.

„ „ Seal Coney 8½ Gns.

Natural Red Fox Stoles and Muffs 8 Gns. the set.

FUR REPAIRS AND ALTERATIONS

of every description, expert workmanship, lowest possible estimate.

The WHOLESALE FUR CO.,
201, Regent Street, London, W.
(1st Floor, not a shop.) Entrance in Conduit Street.
Country Orders receive personal attention.

An Ideal Xmas Present is

KONIG'S Westphalian Liqueur-Gin

By Appointment to
The HOUSE OF LORDS and the HOUSE OF COMMONS

250 Grand Prix, Gold Medals etc.

KONIG'S Westphalian Gin is so unlike all others, so unique, that it is a real pleasure to drink it. It is made by a 15th Century secret process, and highly recommended by all doctors for Kidney, Bladder and Stomach troubles. Konig's Gin is simply delicious with Water, Minerals, Milk, Tea or Coffee. Why not order a supply from your Store or Wine Merchant at 4/6 per sealed stone bottle? You will be delighted. Also obtainable at all leading Hotels, Clubs and Bars, &c.

"KEEP WELL ON KONIG'S."

The 15th Century
"Royal Appetiser & Digestive,"
as supplied to all leading Royalties.

PARIS

ELYSÉE PALACE HOTEL

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

AND UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE SLEEPING CAR CO.

TERMS MODERATE.

Tariffs may be obtained and Rooms reserved at the Sleeping Car Company's London Offices, 20, Cockspur St., S.W. (Telephones: Gerrard 3866 and 5220).

A Delightful Drink

replete with all that makes for health's well-being.

Wolfe's Schnapps

This spirit of unadulterated excellence has gained the highest opinions as a stimulating restorative tonic in cases where the vital organs of the body have got to a low and sluggish state.

WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS is a pure distilled spirit of super-excellence, possessing in its composition revitalising influences of supreme value; that is why it stands unrivalled not only as a beverage, but as an exhilarating tonic stimulant. It goes straight to the kidneys, the "clearing-house" of the human organism.

There's a benefit in every sip.

To be obtained of all Wine and Spirit Merchants, Licensed Grocers, and the following agencies at home and abroad:—

Agents for the United Kingdom, East Indies and Ceylon:—

THE FINSBURY DISTILLERY CO.,

Moreland Street, London, E.C.

For AUSTRALASIA: M. Moss & Co., Sydney. For the UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA AND RHODESIA: Rolles, Nebel & Co., Port Elizabeth, Durban, Johannesburg, Kimberley. For INDIA: C. F. Kellner & Co., Calcutta; Oakes & Co., Ltd., Madras; Nusserwanjee & Co., Karachi; Herbert Son & Co. Bombay. For MEXICO: M. Zapata, M. Merida, Yucatan. For CUBA: Michaelsen & Prasse, Obrapia 15, Havana. For ARGENTINE: J. F. Macadam & Co., Buenos Aires. For CANADA: Hose & Brooks Co., Ltd., 504 Westminster Avenue, Vancouver, B.C.; L. Chaput Fils et Cie, Ltd., Montreal; G. J. Foy, Ltd., Toronto; Hudson Bay Co., Winnipeg; S. J. Major, Ottawa. For the FEDERATED MALAY STATES and STRAITS SETTLEMENTS: Messrs. A. C. Harper & Co., Kuala Lumpur. For BURMA: Messrs. A. Scott & Co., Rangoon. For CHINA: MacEwen, Frickel & Co., Hong Kong, Canton, Macao, Swatow and Amoy; Andrews von Fischerz & George, Ltd., 1, Foochow Road, Shanghai.

UDOLPHO WOLFE CO., NEW YORK.

The PRIDE of ITALY

From the land where the Violets grow.

THE SCENT OF FASHION.

As used by H.M. Queen Margherita of Italy.

"OPSO"

PARMA (TRADE MARK)

(Officina Parmense Sostanze Odorose)

"LA DUCHESSA DI PARMA"

VIOLET PERFUME

Distilled in Parma from the real violets for which the district is famous, and bottled in artistic glass vases of Pompeian shape.

"OPSO"—The *dernier cri* in perfumes, is fully appreciated by the woman most exacting in her choice of scents.

Prices 4/- 7/- and 10/6.

This exquisite and fashionable product of Sunny Italy is now procurable at all the leading Chemists and Stores, including Army and Navy Stores, Barkers, Civil Service Co-operative Society, D. H. Evans & Co., Harrods', Selfridge's, Shoolbred's, Whiteley's, etc.

Sole Agents for Great Britain

BODDINGTON & KUTASSY.

34-36, Oxford St., London, W. *Telephone No. 2394 R*

WHAT RECOMMENDS ITSELF?

"MELANYL" THE MARKING INK

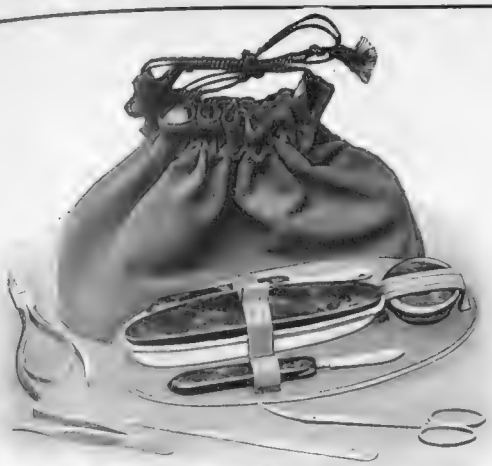
REQUIRES NO HEAT. WARRANTED INDELIBLE

NEW METALLIC PEN WITH EVERY BOTTLE

NICKEL LINEN STRETCHER WITH EACH 1/- SIZE OF ALL STATIONERS CHEMISTS & STORES OR POST FREE FOR 12 STAMPS FROM THE INVENTORS.

COOPER DENNISON & WALKDEN LTD 7 & 9 ST BRIDE ST. LONDON. E.C.

USEFUL AND NOVEL GIFTS.



My New Fitted Oval Manicure Bag made in best quality Silver Mole, or Grey Mole Velvet Calf, best quality fittings as shown, arranged on either side of board which drops in bottom of bag, leaving plenty of room for other articles.

Price complete, **27/6** Size 6⅞ x 3½ inches.

BEST QUALITY MOIRÉ DRESS CIGAR & CIGARETTE CASES.

ALL CASES FITTED WITH TWO 9ct. GOLD KNOBS.

	Prices	With silver-gilt flexible rim	With 9ct. gold flexible rim
FOR 8 CIGARETTES	8/6	14/6	21/-
,, 2 CIGARS ...	9/6	12/6	18/6
,, 3 do ...	10/6	14/6	22/6
,, 4 do ...	11/6	16/6	27/6
,, 5 do ...	12/6	18/6	32/6

SILVER MOLE OR GREY MOLE CASES, SAME PRICES AS ABOVE.

The "Kompleta" Pouch

Regd. No. 588558.

No. B. 1800.

A genuine novelty for any pipe-smoker. Made with separate compartment for pipe.

	5in.	5½in.	6in.
Real Pigskin	11/6	13/6	15/6
Silver or Grey Mole	13/6	15/6	17/6

Complete with Silver-mounted Briar Pipe.

Very useful Envelope Shape Bag, in Silver Mole or Grey Mole, lined best Moiré Silk.

Small Size (fitted purse)	10/6
Large Size (fitted purse and mirror), 6⅞ by 4 in. ...	14/6

BLACK MOIRÉ SILK, SAME PRICES

NEW SINGLE ROW CIGARETTE CASE.

WITH PLACE FOR MATCHES AND STRIKER.

PRICE ONLY **7/6**

In SILVER MOLE or GREY MOLE.

SAME PATTERN CASE FOR MATCHES ONLY PRICE **2/6**

The Patent Service Pouch

SQUARE SHAPE

LINED WITH FINEST PURE RUBBER.

Patent No. 9608.

No. B 0417.

	1½ oz.	2oz.
Real Pigskin	7/6	8/6
Silver Mole or Grey Mole	8/6	9/6
Polished Crocodile	14/6	15/6

BOSWELL HENSMAN, 91, Regent Street, LONDON, W.

GILL & REIGATE LTD
THE SOHO GALLERIES.

ANTIQUES. CURIOS. OLD GLASS.

GENUINE OLD OAK COFFERS
of the 15th 16th and 17th Centuries

FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

A large number in stock at prices ranging from **£2** upwards. These genuine Old Oak Coffers, in addition to the old-world atmosphere they help to create, are of extreme utility, serving the dual purpose of a Hall Seat and receptacle for Rugs, Hats and Coats, Golf Sticks, Hunting Crops, Dog Whips, etc., etc., thus becoming one of the most acceptable, yet inexpensive, of Yuletide Gifts. Our illustrated booklet "D28" post free upon application.

73-85, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

PARIS AND BUENOS AIRES

PAQUIN LTD

Telephone 277 REGENT

Telegrams COUTURIER LONDON

Luxurious Furs,

Fur Garments, Muffs, and Neckwear

Tailor Gowns

Blouses

SERVICEABLE GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR

Toilettes for Day and Evening Wear

Dainty Lingerie

Corsets

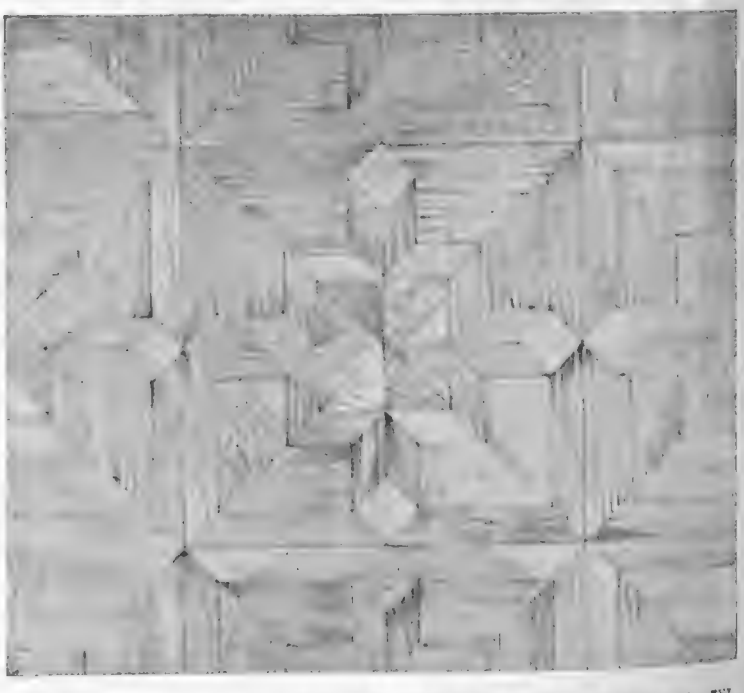
Exquisite Millinery

39, Dover Street London W.

By Royal Appointment.

ENGLISH-MADE

Parquet Floors



FURNITURE AND DECORATIONS.

HOWARD & SONS, Ltd., Manufacturers, 25-27, BERNERS STREET, W.

SHOOLBRED'S

Tottenham Court Road,
London, W.

Motoring Companions for Ladies.

Flat Shape Wide Opening Bag, in Elk Morocco. Size 10 in. by 9 in. deep, gilt frame, 8 fittings, including Brushes, Mirror, Flask, &c. Very practical and useful. PRICE **30/-**

Lady's Monitor Shaped Attache Case, made in Polished Roan, lined silk, fitted with expanding pockets, as illustration, size 10 in. by 8 in. by 7 in. deep **21/-**

SPLENDID VALUE

Efficient Motor Garages

AT MODERATE COST.

Browne & Lilly portable and permanent Motor Houses have won an unrivalled reputation. They are the last word in efficiency, and represent an advance in construction corresponding to that in motor building itself. For satisfaction and economy go to the world's experts. Browne & Lilly are also specialists in the manufacture of Conservatories, Loose Boxes, Golf and Sports Pavilions, Country Cottages and Bungalows for Export. Estimates Free.

Write for free Illustrated Booklet.

All Goods Carriage Paid England and Wales.

BROWNE & LILLY, LTD.

(Manufacturers and Exporters).

Thames Side, Reading. **Station Works, Guildford.**

"TIDY-WEAR" HAIR NETS

PATENTED REGISTERED 299,635

BEST HUMAN HAIR NOTE THE TIGHT HAIR

NOTE THE TIGHT HAIR, which, when placed over the forehead, forms a neat "bag" shape, keeping the front dressing of hair "tidy."

THE BEST SELLING AND MOST POPULAR HAIR NET IN THE WORLD.

43. (Envelope printed Blue), 3 for 1/-, 3/9 per doz.
63. (Envelope printed Red), 3 for 1/3, 4/9 per doz.
83. (Envelope printed Green), 3 for 1/7½, 6/- per doz.
93 (Envelope printed Black), 3 for 2/-, 7/6 per doz.
Grey and White Double Prices

Sold by Leading Drapers, Hairdressers & Stores

Sole Manufacturers—ROSENWALD BROS.,
Dept. T., 27-28 Noble Street, London, E.C.

Telegrams:—"PATISSIER, LONDON." Telephone:—P.O. MAYFAIR 4396.

LA PREMIÈRE MAISON PARISIENNE FONDÉE À LONDRES

Charbonnel et Walker de Paris.

Court Confectioners.

31, Old Bond Street, Londres W.

LA MAISON CHARBONNEL A UN CACHET PARTICULIER

CHARBONNEL CHOCOLATES THE VOGUE OF YESTERDAY, TO-DAY & TOMORROW.

May be purchased in
1lb. 2lb. 3lb. 4lb. or 5lb. gold embossed boxes (without charge for box)
or in
Boites Blanches, the good-style but inexpensive boxes with choice of 15 shades of ribbons (C & W's greatest success)
or in
Bonbonnieres of beautiful & exclusive designs

Should you contemplate sending REALLY FINE CHOCOLATES as XMAS PRESENTS it would be well to send for the specially illustrated particulars of Charbonnel's latest innovation in connection with Boites Blanches

It is a charming idea carried out in the exquisite good style which distinguishes the Charbonnel Cachet

Charbonnel Chocolates will arrive in any part of the World served by Parcels Post in absolutely perfect condition.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA

Is the Best Remedy for ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT AND INDIGESTION.

FOR SOUR ERUCTATIONS AND BILIOUS AFFECTIONS.
SAFEST AND MOST EFFECTIVE APERIENT FOR REGULAR USE.

Civil Service Intelligence

[*Experiments with flies to ascertain their capacity for travelling are described in a Local Government Board report issued recently. Several thousands of the pests, after being powdered with chalk, were liberated near the village of Postwick, Norwich, half a mile from the nearest cottage.*—DAILY EXPRESS.]

OFFICIALS at the War Office have had a number of selected snails under observation for some time, and are said to be astonished at their comparatively rapid progress. A report is expected shortly, but the work entailed in bestowing Crimean medals has been very heavy of late.

* * *

Experiments are being made by the Office of Works with the gulls which infest the ornamental water in St. James's Park, with a view to ascertaining the total weight of water which they displace, (1) while at rest on the surface, (2) while submerged. It is hoped that a small annual saving may be made in the supply of water, as the gulls have not hitherto been taken into account in framing the estimates.

* * *

An extremely interesting investigation is being made by the Home Office as to whether there is any truth in the saying "even a worm will turn." Several ordinary worms have been treated, but Mr. McKenna is at present out of Town, so that some delay in the publication of the final report is inevitable.

The Board of Education has had sent to it by an enthusiast some Simplified Spelling Bees, and a small committee is now engaged upon the task of inquiring into the educational value of these interesting little creatures.

* * *

Everyone has heard the phrase "to make a noise like a turnip," but it has been left to the Board of Agriculture (and Fisheries) to prove its utter fallaciousness. An enterprising official received the sanction of the Board to test several thousand tubers by putting them in a room with a gramophone, but so far no record of any noise has been obtained.

* * *

My Lords of the Treasury are engaged on an exhaustive inquiry into the habits and proclivities of the "Secretary-bird," with special relation to the marvellous way it has of reaching high positions with apparently little effort. That these birds are capable not only of flying high, but of making very long flights, is evidenced by the fact that one of them—the pet of a Cabinet Minister—made the journey from this country to India.

W. H. B.

Improve Your Shooting by Using

"SMOKELESS ◇ DIAMOND"

SPORTING POWDER

No Blowback.

No Unburnt Grains.

"MARVELLOUSLY QUICK!"

No Fluttering Birds with "Smokeless Diamond." Pleasant to Shoot with. Regular and Reliable. Less Forward Aiming Allowance Required than with any Other Powder.

Wholesale only:

CURTIS'S & HARVEY, Ltd., Cannon Street House, London, E.C.

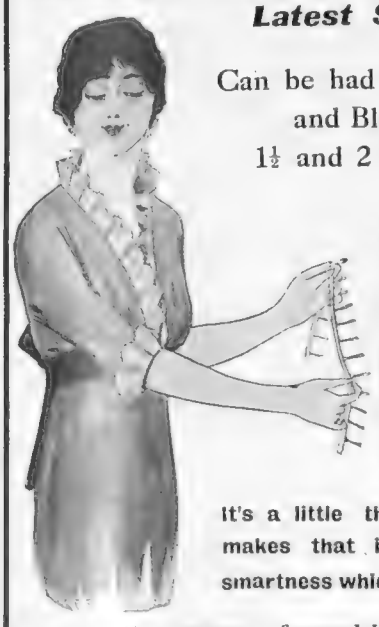
Obtainable at all Gunmakers and Dealers in Ammunition.

THE

'BEE TEE' FRILLING SUPPORT.

(*Patent 17191/13*)
Regd. Design.

Absolutely Essential to the Latest Style.



Can be had in White and Black, 1½ and 2 inches.

One Yard in a Packet (36 inches.) 6½d.

it's a little thing, BUT it makes that indescribable smartness which you desire.

THE 'THERMO' LADY MADCAP

(*Regd.*)

7/11 Each.

FOR ANY WEAR ANYWHERE.

Cross Over Scarf at Back before Tying.

A BEAUTIFUL XMAS PRESENT.

IN ARTIFICIAL SPUN SILK.

In all Up-to-date Self Colours. ALSO WHITE CROWN AND COLOURED SCARF in Saxe, Royal, Grey, Brown, Navy, Moss, Black, Purple, Cardinal, V-Rose, Sky, Emerald.

Stocked by—LONDON: PETER ROBINSONS Haberdashery Dept., Oxford St.; SELFRIDGE'S Ltd.; D. H. EVANS, Ltd., Millinery Dept. EDINBURGH: CHAS. JENNER & CO.,

If unable to procure, forward P.O., with name and address of nearest Draper, to the Sole Manufacturers,

BURNET & TEMPLE, Ltd., 4, FITCHETTS COURT, LONDON, E.C.

"Get a FRODSHAM watch
Ive had mine for many years, and
it is as good as ever"

FRODSHAM'S

FINE ENGLISH WATCHES

Silver - - from £10 10 0
Gold - - from £21 to £300
Gold Wristlet Watches, own make - from £9 9 0 to £21
Repeaters, Chronographs, and special "Tourbillon" Watches always in Stock.

Chas Frodsham & Co Ltd
115 NEW BOND ST LONDON

'EVERYWOMAN'

should adopt the Cyclax Chin Strap, price 6s. 6d., for restoring and strengthening the muscles of the face and throat.

Most necessary
Most inexpensive Most effectual

"Cyclax" Skin Food.

This unique preparation possesses marvellous soothing properties. The skin absorbs it as a plant absorbs water. It cleanses the pores, builds up the flesh, so that lines and wrinkles disappear, and protects the skin from exposure.

Price 4/- and 7/6

CURES WRINKLES

SLEEP YOU

"Cyclax" Throat Lotion.

Is specially compounded to be used with this device, and never fails to restore the contour of the face.

Price 7/6

Removes superfluous flesh quickly and effectually.

By the Use of the device for one month the face becomes **10** years younger. It is advisable to adopt this treatment from the age of **21** to prevent sagging muscles.

Send for Mrs. Hemming's Book on Hygiene, Figure and Skin, entitled "The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty."

THE CYCLAX CO.,
58, South Molton St., London, W.

These Preparations can also be obtained at Selfridges.

RHEUMATISM
GOUT
GRAVEL
CALCULI
NEURALGIA
SICK HEADACHE
SCIATICA
ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS
OBESITY

Poisoned by URIC ACID

Tortured by pain, he can only be relieved by

URODONAL

The only True Solvent for Uric Acid

Urodonal has acquired a world-wide reputation. Thousands of doctors in all countries have prescribed this preparation, recognized by them as highly efficacious. Numerous scientific works and communications to learned societies testify to the great value of this now standard remedy. Analyses of urine prove that Urodonal drains uric acid from the system, being thirty-seven times more active than lithia; this is why doctors prescribe it with confidence, sure of the mathematical results which it cannot fail to give them in all uricaemic affections where the poison, URIC ACID, must be **eliminated from the organism.** No other dissolvent can be compared with Urodonal: it has the inestimable advantage of presenting no drawbacks of any kind, and is harmless.

There are no toxic effects, no fatigue of the stomach, the kidneys, the heart or the brain, even with large doses.

Urodonal cleans the Kidneys, washes the Liver, relieves stiff joints, and, by dissolving uric acid, assists nutrition and imparts vitality to the tissues. Any child who is by nature arthritic will be an arthritic subject. He should take Urodonal from childhood in order to protect his constitution, and thus avoid future gouty and rheumatic troubles.

URODONAL: Prepared only at Chatelain's Laboratories, 207, Boulevard Pereire, PARIS.

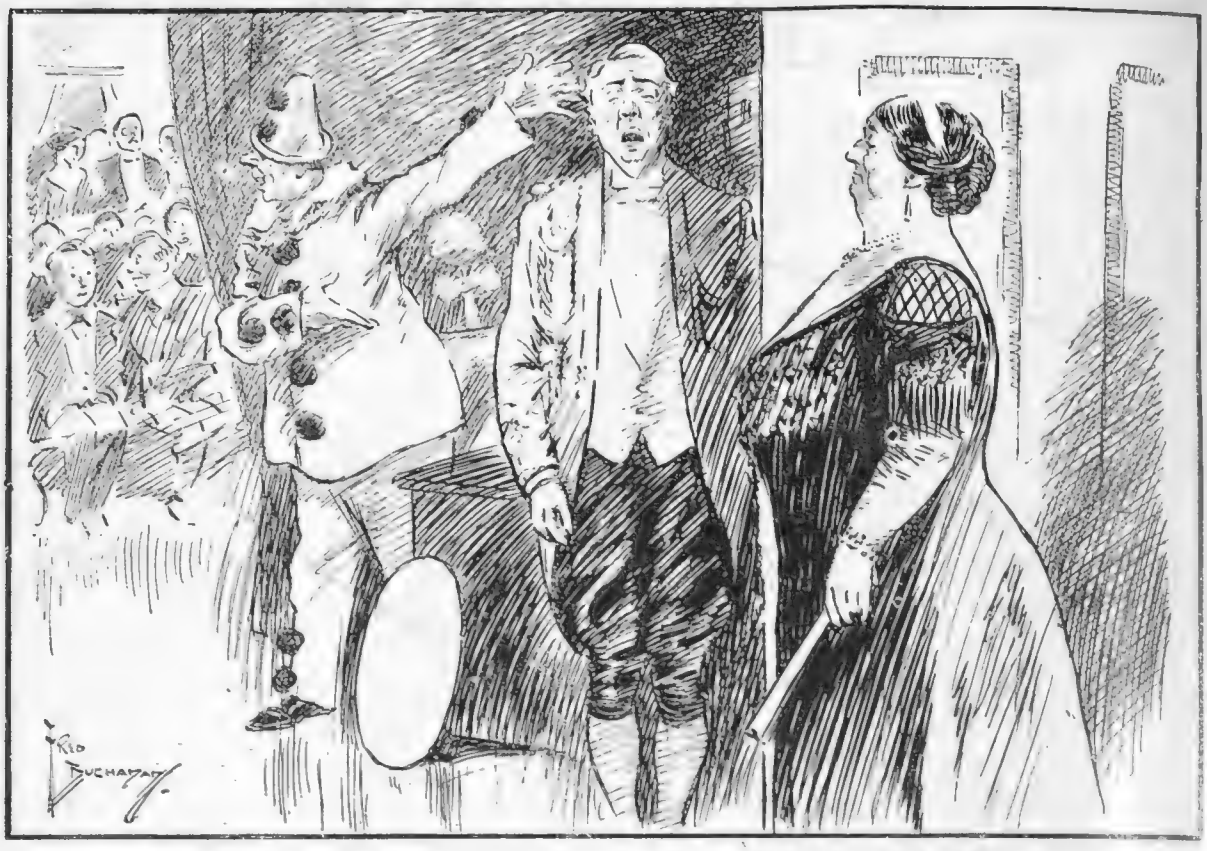
Sold at all Chemists and Drug Stores Prices: 6/-, or Post Free from the London Agents,

HEPPELL & CO., Foreign Chemists, 164, Piccadilly, W.

The "Churchwarden"

A STUDY FROM LIFE

BY MRS. G. A. BARTON



UNFORTUNATE COINCIDENCE AT A CHRISTMAS PARTY

THE PIERROT *(engaged to amuse the children)*: "And now, little ladies and gentlemen, I introduce my famous performing elephant—allez—hullo—houpla!"

THE FOOTMAN *(announcing late arrival)*: "Mrs. De Smythe!"

BY FRED BUCHANAN

YOUR FIGURE

SLENDER. SYMMETRICAL. SUPPLE.

NO DRUGS. MEDICINAL MIXTURES, DIETING, BANDAGES, OR EXERCISES.

Have you a large bust, large hips, large waist, and a large abdomen? Flesh hanging over your corsets at the back, adding years to your age? If so, send stamped envelope to **ELVIRA**, or call at **4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W.**, when she will give all particulars of a wonderful discovery she herself has made which she guarantees will remove all superfluous flesh. Wrinkles, Crow's feet, bagginess beneath the eyes, can all be removed by her simple and harmless method. No body bandages to be worn, no exercises nor dieting necessary.

Madame ELVIRA, who for many years has so successfully treated her clients, is at this moment a welcome benefactress to those suffering from an excess of flesh. Working with the approval of the Medical Profession she has scored hundreds of successes. Her wonderful method will reduce the most overwhelming amount of flesh.

A PRETTY CHIN.

Have you a double chin? Madame ELVIRA undertakes to remove a double chin in a fortnight. Her treatment for this disfiguring complaint strengthens the muscles of the face and removes the ugly droop at the corner of the mouth, which is inevitable when the contractile tissues have lost their firmness.

Remember that Madame ELVIRA guarantees to restore to face and figure the contour of Youth. Ladies suffering from Eczema, blotchy skins, or indeed, any other Skin trouble should place themselves in her hands

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

Madame ELVIRA, *SPECIALIST IN BEAUTY & FIGURE CULTURE*

Telephone: 6017 Victoria. **4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W.**

CHAPPELL PIANOS

CANNOT BE EXCELLED

FOR THEIR EXQUISITE TONE, **RESPONSIVE TOUCH, REMARKABLE SINGING QUALITY AND LASTING DURABILITY.**

A Perfect "Baby" Grand

Length 5ft., width 4ft. 7½ins. Complete Metal Frame. Overstrung. Compass, 7 octaves.

LIST PRICE 100 GUINEAS.

With Three Legs, 95 Guineas.

A personal inspection of these beautiful instruments is invited, or particulars and Art Catalogue will be forwarded upon application.

CHAPPELL'S PIANO AND PLAYER-PIANO **GALLERIES,**

50, New Bond Street, London, W.

Agents in the principal towns throughout the United Kingdom and the Colonies.

WONDERS OF A SMALL FRUIT

Is it not obvious that the fruit which gives character to such a noble preparation as the Christmas pudding must be something more than ordinary? The Christmas pudding of the British Isles is world-famous—and justly so. Imagine what it would be like without Currants. The mere suggestion makes one shudder! That famous institution owes its fine flavour to the presence of Currants. Other well-known sweets similarly indebted are the mince-pie, the eccles cake, the Currant cake, and a host of others. Then it follows that the Currant is capable of being used in countless ways. A general principle that holds good under all circumstances is that where there are Currants—there is sweetness—and what a sweetness, what a charming caressing flavour is in the fruit! Of course the use of the fruit is most beneficial to health, to say nothing of the economy of it. The following seasonable recipes have been specially prepared by a leading expert in domestic cookery.

Christmas Pudding

2 lbs. raisins, 2 lbs. currants, 2 lbs. flour, 2 lbs. beef suet (chopped finely), 1 lb. breadcrumbs, 6 eggs, 1½ lbs. treacle, 1 teaspoonful ginger.

METHOD.—Warm the treacle and add to it a gill of milk. Mix this with all the other ingredients thoroughly, the fruit being carefully prepared previously. Pour the mixture into greased basins or moulds and boil from 4 to 6 hours.

Christmas Cake (rich)

½ lb. butter, ½ lb. Barbados sugar, ½ lb. flour, 4 eggs, 1½ lbs. currants, 4 ozs. candied peel, ¼ teaspoonful mixed spice, grated lemon rind, essence of almond, ¼ teaspoonful salt, ½ teaspoonful carbonate of soda, 1 dessertspoonful of milk.

METHOD.—Cream the butter and sugar until very light; beat in the eggs, one at a time alternately with the flour; then add all the dry ingredients and carbonate of soda dissolved in milk. Grease one 8-inch or two 6-inch cake tins and line with 2 or 3 thicknesses of greased paper. Bake the large cake 3½ to 4 hours—the small cakes 2 to 2½ hours, in a very carefully regulated oven. To prevent cakes burning at the bottom place salt half an inch deep on a baking sheet and stand the cake tins on it.

Mincemeat

3 large lemons, 3 large tart cooking apples, ½ lb. stoned raisins, 1 lb. currants, 1 lb. finely chopped beef suet, ½ lb. moist sugar, 1 oz. minced candied peel, 1 gill rum or brandy, 2 tablespoonsful orange marmalade.

METHOD.—Grate the rind of the lemons, squeeze out the juice and strain into a basin. Boil the remainder of the lemons in water until tender enough to pulp. Bake the apples and pulp them also. Add the remaining ingredients to the first pulp, and mix them all together. Fill the mincemeat into jars, cover each closely with parchment paper, and tie up. Keep in a cool but dry place, and use as required.

Eccles Cake

½ lb. short crust or puff paste, 6 ozs. currants, ½ teaspoonful mixed spice, 3 ozs. sugar, ½ oz. butter.

METHOD.—Divide the paste into 12 pieces rolled out, and cut into rounds of even size, mix the currants, sugar and spice together; put about a dessertspoonful on each round of paste, a tiny bit of butter, and a few drops of water. Moisten the edges, draw together over the top, flatten a little, turn over and roll lightly, place them in a baking tin and brush over with beaten egg. Make 3 or 4 cuts (incisions) over the top, bake about 25 minutes.

THE HOME OF BEAUTIFUL FEATHERS.

OSFEFA LTD.

8a, Sloane Street,
London, S.W.

We have a magnificent stock of Ostrich Feathers and Boas in Black, White and Colours.

Visit our Show Room and see our display of Autumn Millinery.

Exclusive models only of Exquisite design.

We are the London Experts in Ostrich Feather Work of every description. Cleaning, Curling, Dyeing and Renovating.

The hall-mark of an exquisite feather.

OSFEFA.

D. H. EVANS & CO.

CHARMING EVENING BLOUSE.

No. 2 BB
DÉCOLLETTE BLOUSE.
In Fine Net, with Pointed Collar at back, fastens front. In White or Ecru. Lined Chiffon. Price 13/9
Size 13½ to 14½.

290 to 322, OXFORD STREET, W.

ONLY ONE ADDRESS. NO BRANCHES ANYWHERE.

Carriage Paid throughout the United Kingdom.

Percy Buys an Inkpot

A CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EXPERIENCE

BY R. E. VERNÈDE.

"My dear chap! The very man I wanted to see!" said Percy. He was standing, immaculately dressed as usual, beside a baldish but very pompous-looking young shop-walker, taking up a good deal of the centre of that department of the stores in which I happened for my sins to be shopping. Percy, too, was shopping, it seemed, but he was also, I gathered, not without designs upon the shop-walker. Percy dislikes pompous people, and after a while pompous people dislike Percy. Not at first. His air is too impressive, his manner too genial, his gravity too profound for them to be able to suppose him capable of deceit. I fancy the shop-walker took him for a lord, slightly eccentric perhaps and a trifle simple—decidedly too much in the fair-way at the moment—but too valuable a client to be hurried.

"I'm trying to buy an ink-pot," Percy explained, as he shook hands with me, "and this gentleman"—he waved at the shop-walker—"assures me that I can be suited here. The only question is, shall it be a plain ink-pot, or a fancy one? It's for my aunt at Christmas."

"If intended for a Yule-tide gift," put in the shop-walker with unction, "I cannot too strongly recommend a fancy."

"Why?" asked Percy. "My aunt is plain. She is one of the plainest women in London."

The shop-walker was demoralised.

"The—er—a fancy—er—inkpot makes the handsomer gift. They are quite the most used this season," he said flurriedly.

"But if it's very handsome," argued Percy, "I shall want to keep it myself. I always do. And that would be fatal. The point is, you see, that my aunt—"

"Perhaps you would care to look at some?" suggested the shop-walker, increasingly conscious that we were blocking the way of other customers. "This way, if you please."

"One moment," said Percy, pausing. "Are the plain and the fancy in the same direction? I haven't a great deal of time to spare. A couple of hours at the outside."

The shop-walker said, dully, they were in the same department, and Percy only delayed further to entreat me to come along with him.

"My friend, Mr. Hopkinson," he informed the now impatient shop-walker, "has excellent taste. Only

(Continued on p. xxii.)

No facial blemish is the source of so much humiliation and self-criticism as a few hairs upon the lip or chin. Yet this of all defects is the most easily cured.

The POMEROY

TREATMENT *for* SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

is notable not only for the success which attends it, but also for the ease with which the work is accomplished. It is at once a triumph of skill and a triumph of organisation. The treatment eradicates each separate hair by dissolving the follicle from which it grows. Be the growth light or vigorous, the Pomeroy Treatment will effect a permanent and quick cure. And it is the only way whereby a permanent cure can be effected. Depilatories give but temporary relief, and that sometimes, only at grave risk to the skin.

If you have Superfluous Hair, place yourself in the hands of Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., and receive the skilful treatment which will permanently end your trouble. Remember, the evil will not grow less with the passing of time, but greater. Prompt action is advisable. Be rid of the blemish now.

Call on or communicate with

Mrs. POMEROY, Ltd., 29, Old Bond St., London, W.

Liverpool: 27, Leece Street (top of Bold St.)

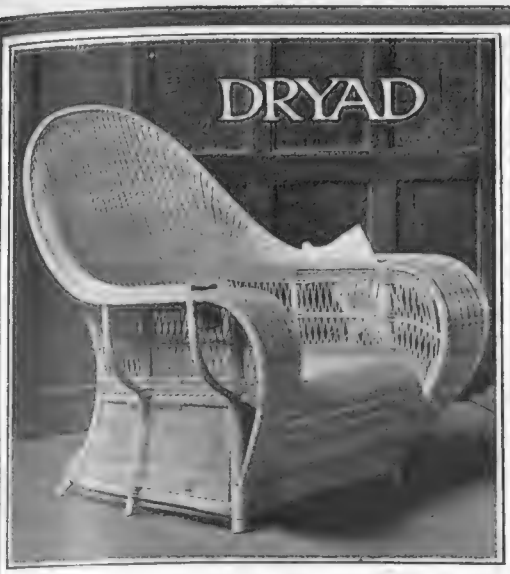
Birmingham: 75, New Street.

Manchester: 10, St. Ann's Square.

Glasgow: 281, Sauchiehall Street.

Dublin: 67, Grafton Street.

Special Agencies—Aberdeen; Bournemouth; Sheffield.



A DRYAD CHAIR has that distinction of style and quality of workmanship only found where the skilled craftsman and artist work hand in hand. The designs are original and have a quiet dignity found in none of the many imitations now offered as 'like Dryad.' The new DRYAD CANE BOOK (post free) illustrates chairs, tables, pretty workbaskets, flower stands, finely woven small basket work, etc., all most suitable for Christmas Presents.

Dryad Wks., Y dept. St. Nicholas St., Leicester

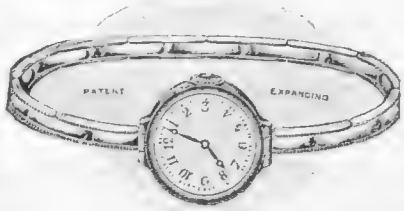
The "BRITANNIC"

PATENT EXPANDING WATCH BRACELET.

The Queen of Watch Bracelets.

Has made an unrivalled reputation and is acknowledged to be the best of all.

Safe. Comfortable. Durable. Best London Make.



Stocked by All Good Class Jewellers Everywhere

MANY DESIGNS. ALL WIDTHS. PRICES from £4 10 0.

Its durability has been tested by opening and closing (by machine) 100,000 times. It remained perfect. Its extreme flexibility makes it the most comfortable bracelet in wear.

Before purchasing a Watch Bracelet try on a "BRITANNIC." They are the most durable and will give the greatest lasting satisfaction, and are the best value. The bracelet is fully guaranteed for five years. In 9 ct., 15 ct., and 18 ct., with watches of various grades, Plain and Gem Set; also in Platinum, and Platinum & Gold. There are various designs in the best taste. All widths from $\frac{1}{8}$th inch.

The most successful Watch Bracelet ever invented.

SEE THAT THE NAME "BRITANNIC," AND PATENT No. 24396/06 ARE ENGRAVED INSIDE THE BRACELET.

DON'T Dry Your Safety Razor!
DON'T Take It Apart!
AFTER USE, place it in a

BRYTSTELE BATH,

and leave it there until it is required again. You will have no more trouble of cleaning and drying it. The Holder will be always Bright and Clean.

Brytstele improves new blades and keeps them sharp for at least two months without stropping—Safety Razors used with **Brytstele** can no longer be accused of being **troublesome, blunt** or **costly.**

The Brytstele Safety Razor Bath Outfit Complete

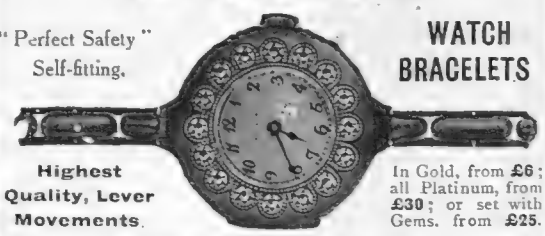
Price 1/6 from all Chemists, Hairdressers, Ironmongers, &c., Army & Navy Stores and Harrods' Stores, or Post Free 1/10 from

THE BRYTSTELE MANUFACTURING CO.,
62, Oxford Street, London, W.

BENSON'S

"Perfect Safety" Self-fitting.

WATCH BRACELETS



Highest Quality, Lever Movements.

In Gold, from **£6**; all Platinum, from **£30**; or set with Gems, from **£25.**

WARRANTED TIMEKEEPERS.

Selections sent at our risk and expense. Special Designs Free.

25. OLD BOND STREET, W., and 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

By Special Appointment to H.M. the King

FRANK COOPER'S "OXFORD" MARMALADE

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY "OXFORD."

SAMPLE JAR FREE on receipt of 3d. stamps for postage. Frank Cooper, Oxford. **KINDLY MENTION NAME OF YOUR GROCER.**

(*Continued from page xx.*)

we must not walk too fast, because his heart is weak. There isn't a lift, I suppose? Oh, it's downstairs, is it? That's good. What is a "gent's umbrella"? He pointed to a placard on which that mystic sign was printed, followed by various prices, and stopped to examine it.

"Gents' umbrellas," said the shop-walker hastily. "If you would like to see them, I could leave you here."

"I shouldn't, thank you," said Percy politely but firmly. "I never buy umbrellas. I haven't the money." We resumed our slow procession. "By the way," he went on lightly, "you won't want to be paid for the ink-pot, will you?"

"You would prefer to enter it?" asked the shop-walker.

"Enter an ink-pot?" said Percy. "What do you mean? Are you joking?"

"In our books," the shop-walker had to explain.

"Oh," said Percy, "that's just as you like. I never bother about those sort of things myself."

"You have an account with us?" enquired the shop-walker, rendered suspicious by the light-heartedness of this statement.

"An enormous one," said Percy. "It's always being sent in, too. Most extraordinary. Now that you come to mention it, it might be worth while taking the accountant's department on our way and explaining how wasteful it is. He doesn't seem to realise things a bit."

"The accountant's office is in the opposite direction," said the shop-walker stiffly. "If you've a fancy to interview him—"

"Perhaps there's hardly time," said Percy. "Let him go to the dogs his own way. Hullo, we've got to the ink-pot saloon, have we?"

"Fancy ink reservoir for this gentleman!" the shop-walker called sharply to an austere but magnificent-looking young woman behind the counter some paces away, and having done what he conceived to be his duty—and even more perhaps—was for hurrying away. Before he could escape, Percy had him by the coat-sleeve and was saying, "Excuse me, but I don't want this young lady to show us things under a misapprehension. What I want is an ink-pot."

"Exactly, sir," said the shop-walker, fuming. "I've asked our employé to show you some."

"You said 'Fancy ink reservoir,'" said Percy warningly.

"It's the same thing," declared the shop-walker.

"Are you sure?" demanded Percy. "I don't want something that one could go boating on."

"Quite sure," said the shop-walker, and fled. We were left to await the slow oncoming of the young lady who had been told off to show Percy ink reservoirs. She seemed to want to put most of her hair-pins in different places before she did that.

"Probably a Girton girl," Percy murmured to me. "They're all going into business nowadays. Queenly creature. What? I say," he continued, as she advanced towards our part of the counter with dignity, "can you tell me if the gentleman who

(*Continued on page xxiv.*)

IDEAL CENTRE FOR EARLY SPRING GOLFING HOLIDAY.

"It would be impossible to find a more delightful place in which to spend a Golfing Holiday than

TURNBERRY"

—Miss DOROTHY CAMPBELL
(*Open Golf Champion*)

Two Excellent 18-hole Courses (Professional—T. Fernie).

The Station Hotel provides Electric Light, Lifts, Lounge, Billiards, Sea Water Baths. Tennis, Croquet, Garage, Stables, etc. *En pension* terms from **10/-** per day.

Under same Management :—

GLASGOW—St. Enoch Hotel. **AYR—Station Hotel.**
DUMFRIES—Station Hotel. **TURNBERRY—Station Hotel.**

For Tariff and Golfers' Map, apply "Residential Manager" at the respective hotels, or to J. H. THOMAS, Manager, Glasgow & South Western Railway Co.'s Hotels. Chief Office: **St. Enoch Hotel, Glasgow.**

Telegrams to each above Hotel, **"Souwestern."**

SHOOLBRED'S

Costume Dept.

74.—An **Elegant Dinner Gown** in all shades of the new Broché. Kimono Bodice in Lace with points of the Broché. Skirt draped to form Pannier. Contrasting Waistband to tone. Price **6½ gns.**

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON

"Grossir c'est souffrir
Maigrir c'est rajeunir."

OBESITY.

It is necessary when seeking for an antidote to Obesity to obtain one having medical opinion in its favour and scientific experience behind its preparation. Of such a nature is Dr. Deschamp's Iodhyrine, which has been officially tested in French hospitals with complete success, and has won golden opinions from eminent Practitioners. No skin sagging results from its use and the diet is not restricted. Iodhyrine does not interfere with any function of the body, its action being limited solely to the dissolution and disposal of fat.

DR. DESCHAMP'S

IODHYRINE

is obtainable at 10s. per box of 60 Cachets (a complete month's treatment) from Roberts & Co., 76, New Bond Street; Army & Navy Stores (London and India); Whiteley's; Selfridge's; Barker's; Harrods'; Junior Army & Navy and Civil Service Stores; Spiers & Pond; Boots, Ltd.; or Laboratoires du Dr. Deschamp's, 7, Rue Jadin, Paris,

and at 61, New Oxford Street, London.

An interesting booklet on Obesity, sent gratis and post free.

IF YOU

CANNOT WALK

Send for my FREE BOOK.

FREE to all, an Illustrated Book telling about the famous Dingwall-Witham **Hand-Propelled** Tricycles or Bath Chairs—**something different** from others—**Two Speeds** (powerful hill climbers) and **Free Wheel. Saddles**, wicker seats, etc., as preferred. In one of these machines you are rendered quite independent of other people—can get out in the fresh air unaided—go to and from your business if you wish. Designed by an invalid and cycle engineer. Highly recommended in *British Medical Journal*, etc. Indoor Self-propelling Chairs from £3. If you know anyone unable to walk, cut out this advertisement and show them. Trials arranged at London Works. Send for the Booklet to-day.

J. P. WITHAM, 80, Pyle House, Newport, Wight.

GALÉGINE DE NUBIE hardens and develops the bust, and fills out hollows in the shoulders. Galégine de Nubie has been approved by medical men, and can therefore be taken with perfect safety. Equally suitable for Matron or Maid. No change of diet is necessary, nor can this preparation cause obesity. Prepared in cachets for easy swallowing.

The complete treatment with a very interesting booklet is sent privately packed on receipt of P. O. for 5/-, by Roberts & Co., 76, New Bond Street; Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Maison Robert, Heppell's or Laboratoire Médical, 61, New Oxford Street, London.

The booklet can be obtained gratis and post free from the Laboratoire Médical.

(Continued from page xxii.)

brought us here is—?" Percy tapped his head significantly.

"Mr. Gooch? I never heard it," said the young lady, frigidly.

"I'll tell you why I ask," said Percy. "First, he asked me if I wanted to enter an ink-pot, and then he called it a reservoir."

"A reservoir is a pot," the young woman declared with crushing intonation. "Do you wish to see some?"

"Yes—for my aunt," said Percy, "if you will be so kind."

"What style would the lady like?" she asked, as one who has much to bear.

"Now you have me," said Percy. "My aunt is about 80 and rather deaf. She lives in Cadogan Gardens and keeps a parrot. I don't know if that will help at all. It ought to be a solid sort of pot, don't you think? Something the parrot couldn't knock over. Beastly getting ink all over the carpet."

"Something in this style is probably what you require," said the young woman. Her thoughts were far away with her hairpins. The ink-pot she produced was a pewter one, it's lid shaped in the form of a pewter mouse. "This is quite the latest thing in reservoirs."

Percy shook his head sadly.

"A mouse will never do," he said. "My aunt hates mice. She would have them all forcibly fed. You haven't got a tank—I mean a reservoir—with Mr. McKenna on the lid? That might do."

"This is another reservoir we are selling many of," said the young woman, who had paid no attention whatever to Percy's question.

"Very chic," said Percy, looking at the article produced. "What is it? A fox?"

"A stag," sniffed the young woman. "It's quite the latest thing we have."

"I thought the mouse was," said Percy.

"They're both straight from the manufacturers." The young woman tossed her head with annoyance.

"I see—twins," said Percy understandingly. "I wish they weren't such novelties. My aunt cannot bear novelties. Couldn't you show me something old-fashioned, like a dinosaur?"

"I'm afraid not. We don't stock the old fashions. They are in no demand. Is there anything else I can show you?" The maiden's voice was in itself an ultimatum, and Percy had the decency to rise.

"No, thank you," he said. "I should hate to bother you further. It will be a bitter disappointment to my aunt, but there—you don't keep soap, I suppose, or socks? No? There was something else I wanted beginning with an S. Oh, I remember—Stilton."

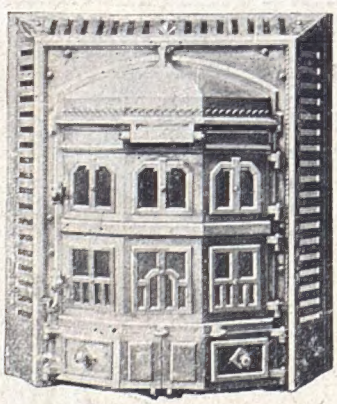
"In the grocery department," said the young woman, so sharply that I wondered Percy survived. I think he was a little saddened, but his face brightened the next instant as he caught sight of a pompous bald-headed figure ushering some ladies to the fancy ink-pot counter.

"By Jove," he cried, "it's the gentleman who brought us here. What luck! I say," he went on to the shop-walker who had in vain tried to steer off into the crowd, "could you show us to the grocery department? We can't get a fancy ink reservoir to suit my aunt, so I thought of buying a gent's Stilton cheese—for my uncle."

The shop-walker conducted us in fierce silence. He was obviously disgusted with Percy. R. E. V.

"THE RIESSNER"

THE WORLD'S
BEST, ECONOMIC & HYGIENIC
ANTHRACITE
STOVE
WITH ORIGINAL-SAFETY-REGULATOR



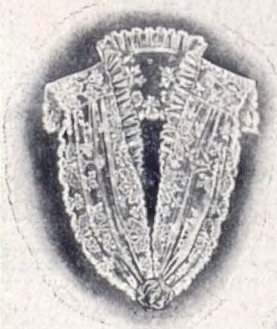
NEW DESIGNS
REDUCED PRICES
CATALOGUES & DESCRIPTIVE LISTS FREE

SUPERB

THE LONDON WARMING & VENTILATING CO. LTD.
20 NEWMAN STREET, LONDON, W.

D. H. EVANS & CO., LTD.

MADE UP LACE GIFTS.



No. 357 BL.
PRETTY LACE COLLAR
With Kilted Net Frill and Black Satin Knot. In Ivory or Ecru.
Price 3/11

No. 357 BL.

No. 364 BL.
DAINTY PLAIN BRETONNE NET FICHU COLLAR,
With Kilted Frill. In Ivory or Ecru.
Price 3/9

No. 364 BL.

Carriage Paid throughout the United Kingdom.

290 to 322, OXFORD STREET, W.

ONLY ONE ADDRESS. NO BRANCHES ANYWHERE.

A NATURAL REMEDY

Time was when disease was thought to be due to the direct influence of evil spirits, and exorcism and magic were invoked to cast it out.

Science has taught us wisdom. The evil spirits exist still. We call them "Disease Germs," and they also must be cast out. Once lodged in the stomach or intestines, fever with its hallucinations or biliousness with its aches and pains are the results.

There is no simpler, safer, or more agreeable preparation than

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

the approved specific for driving out disease germs. Its action is quick and thorough. It clears the intestines, rouses the torpid liver to new life, stimulates the mucous membrane to a healthy action, and cleanses and invigorates the whole digestive tract.

IT IS THE OLD-TIME, EVER-POPULAR HOUSEHOLD REMEDY FOR

Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation. Errors in Diet—Eating or Drinking. Thirst, Giddiness, Rheumatic or Gouty Poison. Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, and Feverish Conditions generally. It is everything you could wish as a Simple and Natural Health-giving Agent. You cannot over-state its Great Value in keeping the Blood Pure and Free from Disease by Natural means.

It may be safely taken at any time by old or young. It is very effective in the early stage of Diarrhœa, by removing the irritating cause. Be prepared for emergencies by always keeping a bottle in the house.

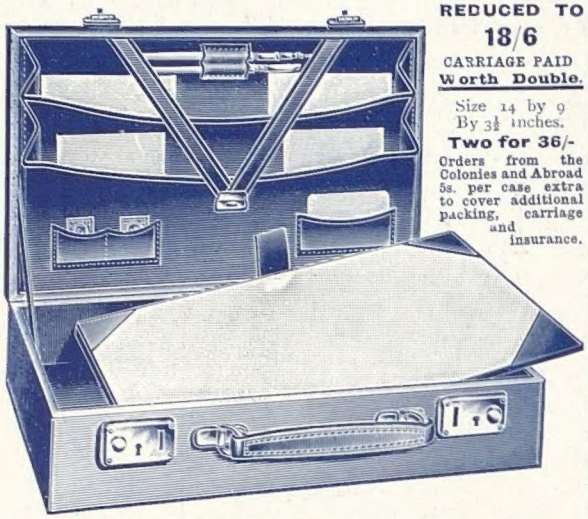
Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E.

Sold by Chemists and Stores Everywhere

Printed for the Proprietors, Messrs. H. R. Baines & Company, Ltd., by The Classic Colour Press, Reading, and published by Messrs. H. R. Baines & Company, Ltd., at Tallis House, Whitefriars, in the City of London.—November 17, 1913.
Entered as second-class mail matter at New York (N.Y.) Post Office.

700 REAL LEATHER WRITING-ATTACHÉ CASES

MUST BE CLEARED.



REDUCED TO
18/6
CARRIAGE PAID
Worth Double.

Size 14 by 9
By 3½ inches.
Two for 36/-
Orders from the Colonies and Abroad 5s. per case extra to cover additional packing, carriage and insurance.

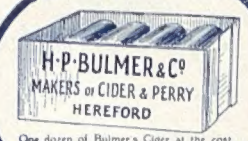
VERY USEFUL, ACCEPTABLE & HANDSOME PRESENT.

These charming Writing-Attaché Cases warranted English-made and in excellent condition are manufactured of GENUINE HIGH-CLASS LEATHER, fitted with lift-out blotting-pad, pen, pencil, expanding leather pockets for stationery, correspondence, stamps, cheque book, etc., and secured with two good sliding-nozzle English-made nickel locks.

HENRY B. BOX & CO., Trunk Specialists and Repairers
(Under Royal Patronage)
251, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.

Illustrated Catalogue of Trunks & Fancy Leather Goods, &c., post free to any address in the World.

Dancers delight in.



One dozen of Bulmer's Cider at the cost of one bottle of Champagne

Bulmer's Cider, which is made under exactly the same process as Champagne, and vies with the most expensive French wines.

BULMER'S CHAMPAGNE CIDER

is the most wholesome of beverages. It stimulates the system and gives zest to life. Pure and unadulterated, unsurpassed as a table beverage. The great cure for Gout or Rheumatism.

Selection from Price List of Champagne Ciders:

No. 2.—"Foxwhelp" and "Kingston Black" (medium, sweet, or dry)	Per Doz. 18/- bots.	10/6 ½-bots.
No. 3.—"Strawberry Norman" (fruity)	10/- bots.	6/- ½-bots.
No. 4.—"Cherry Pearmain" (medium dry)	9/- bots.	5/6 ½-bots
No. 4A.—"Cherry Norman" (extra dry)	9/- bots.	5/6 ½-bots.

Wholesale London Agents:—Findlater, Mackie, Todd & Co., London Bridge, S.E.

Write to-day for FREE Illustrated Booklet

H·P·BULMER & Co · Hereford

BULMER'S CIDER IS EXPORTED to ALL PARTS of the WORLD AND KEEPS IN PERFECT CONDITION IN EVERY CLIMATE.

NEW STOVES for OLD

This is no mere figure of speech. The adaptability of the HUE makes it possible for you to convert your old-style grate into a modern Barless, coal-saving Fire.

This old-fashioned stove was the subject of a recent careful test. In 13½ hours it consumed 74 lbs. Household coal, and required considerable attention. It was converted into a Hue Barless Fire (as shown below), consumed only 32 lbs. coal *to produce equal heat*, and required little attention.

This is the HUE Fire which you should have installed in your house. No need to pull down mantelpieces or remove the present stove. Price from **15s.**, which is quickly saved by the reduced coal bill.

How different this Fire is from the one shown at top, and yet it is the same stove, *but with the Hue adapted.* This Fire warms the room instead of the chimney, is more cheerful, and burns for hours without attention. The HUE is clean, hygienic and absolutely safe. It has been installed in thousands of private houses and adopted by the principal Railways, Hotels and Institutions.

POST FREE Illustrated booklet, giving full particulars of HUE FIRE, showing how it is fixed, cost, and other important points. Send a postcard now to—

[illegible] & MARTEN, Ltd.,
[illegible] Stratford, London, E.

Do not be [illegible] so-called adaptable Barless Fires, which by their very [illegible] can never be satisfactory. The word is cast on every genuine.

Join the JIG-SAW Puzzlers this Christmas.

The Jig-Saw Puzzle is the greatest thing out—always interesting and amusing. It consists of piecing together a number of wooden sections, specially cut to fit and form a picture.

Call and see our Latest Novelty.

The Figure-it-out Jig-Saw Puzzle.

"The Blue Bird," 2/- and 5/-
"Bunty Pulls the Strings," 6/-
"Gipsy Love," 8/-
Postage 3d.
And many others.
Also the Two Deck Jig-Saw Puzzle.
Ordinary Jig-Saw Puzzles from **1/-**

New Price List of all kinds of Jig-Saw Puzzles and other Indoor Games Post Free. Also Christmas General Catalogue Novelties, Patents, etc., 220 pages, now ready

Department B,

HOLTZAPFFEL & CO.,
53 HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.
Telephone - - - - 6636 GERRARD.